

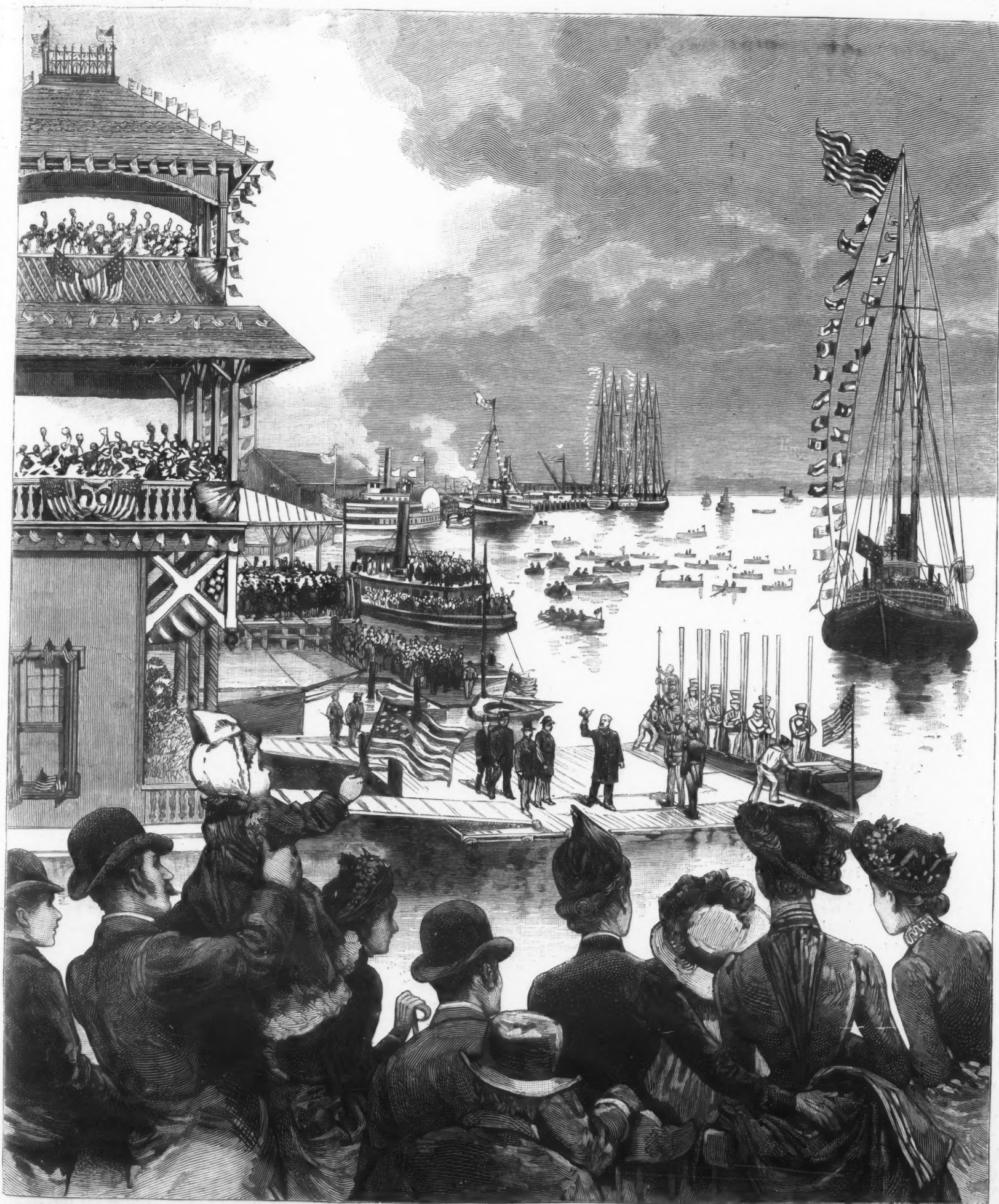
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1889, by the JUDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.—Entered at the Post-office, New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

No. 1756.—VOL. LXXVIII.

NEW YORK—FOR THE WEEK ENDING MAY 11, 1889.

[PRICE, With Supplement, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS, \$1.00.]



THE GRAND CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.—DEPARTURE OF PRESIDENT HARRISON FROM ELIZABETHPORT, APRIL 29TH, ON HIS WAY TO NEW YORK.
FROM A SKETCH BY FRANK ADAMS.—[SEE PAGE 230.]

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

W. J. ARKELL.

RUSSELL B. HARRISON.

NEW YORK, MAY 11, 1889.

THE NEW LESLIE'S.

THE ownership of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER has passed from Mrs. Leslie to the JUDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY. The number issued to-day is the first to appear under the new management of Mr. W. J. Arkell and Mr. Russell B. Harrison.

It will be the endeavor of the proprietors of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER to make it so instructive and attractive as to be a family necessity. This is a carefully considered purpose. It cannot be done in a day, as growth, blossom, fruit, and maturity, all require time, and the best of energy can work no miracle. The public, growing from "that it feeds on," becomes more and more exacting. The skill of twenty years ago is unsatisfactory to-day. It is demanded of the illustrated paper that not only shall it present art in its best and highest forms, but also be the picture-gallery of the world. Its mission and its duty broaden hourly in this swift age in which, if life be measured by knowledge and experience, rather than by the swing of the pendulum, the youngest of us is older than Methuselah.

There is so keen a hunger for the sights of the shifting panorama of life, that the mental repast is incomplete if the world is not served like a sliced orange for dessert. As the horizon widens, crowding events demand compression. The eye cannot wait to compass a column of description when, with a glance, it can traverse Africa in a picture, explore Egypt in another, and, in the turning of a leaf, pass from the land of the Pyramids in one hemisphere to the almost as ancient homes of the cave-dwellers in another.

An illustrated newspaper opens with its telescope all lands, and with a stroke of its pencil explores more swiftly than Aladdin's *genii*. It introduces its readers to the great men of all climes; it is the phonograph of speech whose utterances have ceased, and the telephone of tongues still talking.

Editorially, the attitude of this paper will be positive and decided. Its convictions as to all questions will be asserted with vigor and emphasis. At the same time it will not attempt to set up any creed as infallible, nor will it anathematize and condemn those who refuse to agree with it.

Believing in the utmost freedom of discussion, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER will extend the hospitality of its columns to every phase and form of belief not actually prejudicial to the public morals or the social order. It is intended, while photographing interesting scenes, men, and events, while garnering the products of the varied fields of literature, science, and art, to make these pages a platform from which all great questions of national interest can be discussed by eminent advocates of opposite views, each giving to his argument the emphasis of his individual name. Thus it is hoped to make FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER a still more popular vehicle for the expression of the best and ripest thought of the times, and so to invest it with a high educational influence in its literary as well as in its artistic department.

It inevitably follows that, in the discussion of public affairs, the tenor and teachings of this paper will be emphatically American.

This Republic is unique in the mosaic of its citizenship. Exceptional in its geographical position, with conditions without precedent, with vast lakes that are a fresh-water Mediterranean, a soil as fertile as the valley of the Nile, a climate so varied and wide, it offers us both Norway and Morocco.

No slow evolution of mediævalism embarrasses it. Its territory is the legacy of a fading, not the pillage of a conquered, people. The avenues of profit and honor are open to the humblest, without the helping of heredity or estates. The rail-splitter, the school-teacher, and the canal-boy have reached its highest honors.

While history is said to repeat itself, it cannot be

repeated unless under similar conditions. The United States is without parallel or precedent. The Grecian Republic was but very little larger than the Sandwich Islands. The Italian Peninsula, from which Rome sent its conquering, but afterward conquered, colonists in arms, was, in size, shape, and surroundings, but an earlier Florida. The Grecian Republic was an aristocracy; and Rome—Republic and Empire—was only a tyranny tempered with weak restrictions of law. The world knew little of Asia and less of Africa, excepting of narrow Egypt and a strip along the shores of the Mediterranean. The government of Europe for long centuries, excepting in local eddies, rested in inertia and was, politically, little less than a series of chieftainships that circumstance and selection consolidated into kingdoms.

This untitled continent, hidden through ages for a special future, was, in the ripening of time, as if suddenly born of the sea. The people of the *Mayflower*, as its prow rubbed against the Plymouth sand, could not dream that, across a line as wide as the ocean they had sailed, there was, on the edge of another and wider sea, a "Golden Gate."

A country without a precedent cannot follow, in its policy, worn or worn-out European paths. Neither agricultural Russia nor armed Germany, manufacturing France nor free-trade England, can offer us precedents. Self-contained and beyond imitation, this Republic will be selective of other national experiences and construct one of its own. It will be our purpose to make this paper, therefore, one which will emphasize and endeavor to expound purely American ideas.

PRACTICAL POLITICS.

I AM asked to give my views, from the stand-point of practical politics, as to what is known as Civil-service Reform. My answer is, that Civil-service Reform, so far as it secures a faithful and efficient Federal officer in the tenure of his office during the term for which he is appointed, is proper and right; that sentimental Civil Service, after the Chinese-British model, is good enough for *doctrinaires* who want to cheat themselves into the belief that they are doing something in the way of reform.

For more than ten years public attention has been sharply drawn to this question. Ambitious men, who have been unable to obtain a firm grasp upon political organizations, have bitterly denounced the so-called machine which they could not control. Specious theories have been advanced, to show the dangers which threatened the people from the political activity of the office-holding class.

Among the first utterances of the Republicans of this State on the British Civil Service was a condemnation of it by the Rochester Convention of 1877. The platform of that convention exposed the nonsense of supposing that the 5,000,000 people of the State of New York were helpless in the grasp of 7,465 Federal office-holders, including unimportant clerks and unknown subordinates.

The Presidential Elections of 1884 and 1888 have since proved how insignificant in determining results is the influence of the Federal office-holders with the great mass of the people. It is manifestly impossible for one Federal office-holder to exert a controlling political influence over hundreds of unwilling citizens.

Indeed, it may seriously be questioned whether the distribution of public offices carries with it any considerable element of political power. The sword that cuts off official heads has a sharp hilt and a double edge. Every appointment to office gratifies one to the disappointment of the many. A party out of power is a concrete and manageable mass, in harmony with party policies, earnestly opposed to the party in power and imbibed by its mistakes, stimulated by the rewards of public service and aggressive at every point. But when the victory is won, and it is found that there are not enough badges of the Legion of Honor to go around, there is often disappointment and apathy that are as disastrous as defeat. This is especially true of a party made up as the Republican party is—largely of men who are capable of filling any official place.

The advocates of the British system also contend that a change of officers impairs the efficiency of the service. There is some point and force in this argument, and it might be very emphatic if a clean sweep were made at the outset of every new administration.

But the fact is, that where technical service is required, changes are made very gradually; the rules that successful men apply to their own business have generally been regarded; thousands of experts, who have shown marked fidelity and efficiency, have been retained for many years in their respective positions. Their tenure is practically a life tenure, but it is made so by that perpetual spur to high and faithful service—the knowledge that they are not independent of the people or their superior officers. Remove this incentive, thereby creating an aristocracy of office-holders, and the whole Government service would be demoralized. Employés would become insolent and insubordinate, neglectful of their duties—the drones and thistle-down of official life.

As to the great mass of places in our Civil Service, there is no reason why they cannot be quickly and efficiently filled by intelligent men familiar with the rules and routine of ordinary business. There is no royal book-keeping in the departments, no special geography for the Postal Service, no arithmetic and no code of business rules and habits for the sole use of Government employés.

In discussing the objections to the British system of Civil Service, which is sought to be ingrafted upon our own, it must be borne in mind that the world has furnished us, as yet, no system of Civil Service which can safely be taken as a model or a guide. We may attempt to draw parallel lines, but we immediately find obstructions in the way. The English Government is largely a government by birth; ours is wholly a government by election, and for fixed and definite terms. The English masses cannot speak or be heard except in the House of Commons. The English Ministry may be dissolved in an hour by a vote of a want of confidence. A dozen different Cabinets, each standing for distinct and conflicting policies, might be formed during a single session of Parliament. Manifestly, if a change were made in the Civil Service with every change of the Ministry, it would lead to disastrous confusion.

But the American system of Civil Service is surrounded by no such uncertain conditions. The people make the Administration secure in its tenure for four years. If the public officers serve the people faithfully, they are likely to receive a vote of confidence and a new lease of power. If they are unfaithful to their trust, four years is a very liberal limit to their capacity for mischief.

A further and even stronger objection to the British system is, that its tendency is to breed an aristocracy of Federal office-holders, who will become an oligarchy beyond the reach and control of the popular voice, and will therefore be superior in their positions to officers whose continuance of office depends upon frequent re-elections by the people. Under our form of government, the people should be able to make their voice heard—to make their hand felt upon every office-holder, from the humblest tide-waiter to the President himself.

Until attempts were made to establish the monarchical, Chinese-British system in this Republic, we had no people who could pretend to be an office-holding class. Every place of profit and honor within the gift of the people was within the reach of every ambitious American youth. To select, now, one boy out of several hundred of each generation, and install him for life as a Federal office-holder, is unjust and humiliating to the hundreds who are thus crowded and kept out of public recognition and official life, and is a fraud upon republican institutions.

Fortunately, the branch of the question I am now discussing is no longer one of theory alone. The experience of the past few years has demonstrated that the British graft does not flourish in American soil. Four years of trial of the present law by a Democratic Administration, under high-pressure Civil-service pretensions, has convinced nearly every thoughtful and observing person that the law is either a failure in practice or a fraud in fact. It is widely believed and conceded that the officers selected by the Mugwump Civil Service are not as competent as those chosen in the old way, by appointment through elected political officials. The efficiency and morale of nearly every department of the Government have been seriously impaired during the past four years, by appointments to office made through Civil-service rules framed under the Civil-service Law.

No feature of our official affairs has done so much as the Mugwump Civil Service has, to shake the con-

confidence of the people in the truthfulness, consistency, and integrity of high public officials. It has established rules and examinations that practically debar men of experience and sense, while they admit flocks of political parrots who can answer questions which have only the most remote relation to the position they seek. It has swallowed machine politicians of the worst type, and removed honest and tried officials, under the pretense that they were "offensive partisans." It has been honest in pretensions, but far more dishonest in practice than the frank, representative public service which does not work behind a mask. It has been demonstrated that it can be used as a cloak for favoritism, to shut out those who deserve recognition for services rendered the party which elected the appointing power and, therefore, for services rendered the people. A screen for cowardice and falsehood in high official places is not useful nor ornamental in a government by the people.

Fortunately, the Mugwump Civil Service is not so dangerous as its friends pretend. Its harmfulness lies in the ease with which it can be evaded by favoritism, hypocrisy, and falsehood. It stimulates public lying, but its account with the public shows that, besides badly filling many public offices, it is a pretense and a shadow—a bugaboo to keep back frank and honest ambitions at the gate, and a hole in the rear of the tent to let in jugglers and adventurers.

My final objections to the Mugwump Civil Service are, that it is not in harmony with our form of government, and that while it rewards a citizen with one hand, it seeks with the other to strip him of that active interest in public affairs which is the privilege of every American citizen, and is at the same time the surest shield of republican institutions.

The safety of the Republic lies in the eternal vigilance of the citizen. When men so far forget their obligations to our form of government as to neglect their political duties, the Republic is then in danger. Everything that stimulates political activity—all appeals to patriotic spirit, the rewards of office, the pride of the party in power in carrying out the policies of the people, even the watchful and sharp criticism of the party out of power, though it have no higher motive than the recovery of public patronage—all tend to make the people appreciative of their rights and duties, and watchful of their public officers.

When the people elect a President and Congress, they presume that they also elect policies and men of their political faith to carry them out. They expect that all the subordinates of the Federal service will be put in full accord with the new Administration. The Government employé is not merely a book-keeper or a clerk. In almost every instance, he or his superior officer represents some distinct feature of governmental policy. His service is closely connected with the beliefs and opinions that divide the great political parties. For example, the Pension Bureau was established to reward disabled and deserving veterans. Can it be seriously contended that the highest service can be obtained in that department from men who are not in sympathy with the purpose for which that bureau was created?

The officers at every port of entry are charged with the appraisal of imported goods and the collection of duties. Should that delicate service be performed, under a Republican Administration, by men who believe that a high tariff is unconstitutional and a fraud upon the laboring-man?

A like line of reasoning may be applied to almost every branch of the Civil Service, and where it does not apply, there can be no satisfactory denial of the claim that the most efficient service cannot be obtained by an Administration except through those who are earnestly in accord with its policy and spirit. Every grave neglect of duty, every dishonesty of a subordinate, is telegraphed from ocean to ocean, and reflects upon the party in power. It is therefore the duty of an Administration, to itself and to its party, to be represented, so far as practicable, in every office, not by political opponents nor political enmeshes, but by men who are on their good behavior, who are actively in sympathy with the Administration, jealous of its good name, anxious to make it popular and to perpetuate its power and usefulness, and to that end prompt, efficient, honest, and obliging in the discharge of official duties.

A TIMELY NOTE OF ALARM.

BISHOP POTTER sounded the bugle-note of the Washington Centennial Exercises. It was time to sound it, and its echoes will ring in the ears of the American people.

Two sentient thoughts marked Bishop Potter's address, in the presence of President Harrison and other distinguished visitors, at St. Paul's, on Tuesday last. They were not the thoughts, as some of the newspapers seem to think, of an ascetic, but those that burned in the brain of a refined, cultured, patriotic, and devoted American.

Bishop Potter uttered a warning cry. He gave voice to a protest that has risen in recent years to the lips of many, but has only been uttered by the few with the courage of their convictions. Said he, in lofty and impassioned strain:

We may disinter the vanished draperies, we may revive the stately minut, we may rehabilitate the old scenes, but the march of a century cannot be halted or reversed, and the enormous change in the situation can neither be disguised nor ignored. Then we were, though not all of us sprung from one nationality, practically one people. Now, that steadily deteriorating process, against whose dangers a great thinker of our own century warned his countrymen, just fifty years ago, goes on, on every hand, apace. "The constant importation," wrote the author of "The Weal of Nations," "as now, in this country, of the lowest orders of people from abroad, to dilute the quality of our natural manhood, is a sad and beggarly prostitution of the noblest gift ever conferred on a people. Who shall respect a people who do not respect their own blood? And how shall a national spirit, or any determinate and proportionate character, arise out of so many low-bred associations and coarse-grained temperaments, imported from every clime?"

All true, indeed; but with the warning is there not also a lesson—a lesson of patience and forbearance? We have these strangers in untold multitudes within our gates. We can shut the gates against others who are unwelcome and seek to enter in, but we can expatriate none. The day of ostracism is past. The question for this Christian nation is, how to preserve the American people from pollution and deterioration? Must it not be done by the elevation of the masses? Can it be done otherwise? Can it be done at all? If not, then the Republic is a failure!

It can be done. This impresses itself upon the heart of every man who saw the cosmopolitan parade on Wednesday last. Almost every nationality was represented, and all testified, by voice and conduct, their love for the American flag and their allegiance to the American Republic. Was the lesson of this centennial event lost upon those hearts? Did the softening and refining influences of American institutions leave no lasting impression upon their intelligence? How many of them, glorying with unbounded enthusiasm in the liberty they enjoyed and the liberator whose inauguration they celebrated, thought of the past and recalled what their fathers were and what they themselves had been, and devoutly thanked the Author of their being for the birth of Washington and the creation of the American Republic? Let us patiently and conscientiously think of these things and see and acknowledge what God has wrought.

The second thought that Bishop Potter dwelt upon was this:

Another enormous difference between this day and that of which it is the anniversary is to be seen in the enormous difference in the nature and influence of the forces that determine our national and political destiny. Then, ideas ruled the hour. To-day, there are, indeed, ideas that rule our hour, but they must be merchantable ideas. The growth of wealth, the prevalence of luxury, the massing of large material forces which, by their very existence, are a standing menace to the freedom and integrity of the individual, the infinite swag of our American speech and manners, mistaking bigness for greatness, and sadly confounding gain and godliness—all this is a contrast to the austere simplicity, the unpurchasable integrity, of the first days and the first men of our Republic, which makes it impossible to reproduce to-day either the temper or the conduct of our fathers. As we turn the pages backward, and come upon the story of that 30th of April in the year of our Lord 1789, there is a certain stateliness in the air, a certain ceremoniousness in the manners, which we have banished long ago. We have exchanged the Washingtonian dignity for the Jeffersonian simplicity, which was, in truth, only another name for the Jacksonian vulgarity. And what have we gotten in exchange for it? In the elder States and dynasties they had the trappings of royalty and the pomp and splendor of the king's person to fill men's hearts with loyalty. Well, we have dispensed with the old titular dignities. Let us take care that we do not part with that tremendous force for which they stood! If there be not titular royalty, all the more need is there for personal royalty. If there be no nobility of descent, all the more indispensable is it that there should be nobility of ascent—a character in them that bear rule, so fine and high and pure that, as men come within the circle of its influence, they involuntarily pay homage to that which is the one pre-eminent distinction, the Royalty of Virtue!

Here is pictured the real danger of the Republic. Luxury, indulgence, and selfish gratification, all eventually mean vice and self-destruction. In the public school and in the church we must look for the hope of better things, but beyond these that hope rests upon the performance of the citizen's duty by the citizen. Does Bishop Potter think it his duty to attend the caucus in his ward? Does he always consider the solemn obligation of the citizen and cast his vote at every election? How many busy men in this great and wealthy city give the brief time required for the performance of their political duties and all obligations of citizenship?

If the field of politics is left to the ignorant, if money and not character secures place and political preferment, the fault rests largely with the absentees from the caucuses and polling-places. So long as the

good citizen leaves the field to the political spoilsman and the ignorant masses, so long shall the "Jacksonian vulgarity" prevail and the sense of personal loyalty disappear. The ignorant cannot be blamed for seeking preferment, when they find the way abandoned to them by the cultured and refined. Spoilsman cannot be blamed for truckling to the ignorant, if thereby they obtain success. Condemnation of neither is as pertinent as the condemnation of the best of American citizens—or those who believe themselves to be the best—who fail to fulfill the obligations of citizenship, and who permit ignorance, vice, and self-seeking to despoil and debase public life.

A FEATURE OF "LESLIE'S."

WE print to-day the first of a series of remarkably interesting contributions from public men and others on topics of current interest. Every one will read what Hon. Thomas C. Platt has to say regarding practical politics and Civil-service Reform. He writes with a strong, logical, and vigorous pen, from the standpoint of a man of most positive convictions and extraordinary experience.

It is the purpose of LESLIE'S WEEKLY to open its columns to the free discussion of questions affecting public interests. It will not be held responsible for what is said over the signatures of contributors. It simply wishes to voice the expression of the ablest and most prominent men, and to give to its readers, regardless of political, religious, personal, or social leanings, the benefits that always flow from a fair, manly, and unrestricted discussion of public matters. The new feature of the WEEKLY will unquestionably attract the wide attention that it deserves.

AN ORATION THAT WILL LIVE.

AT this time, when some iconoclasts have evinced a disposition to question the grandeur and greatness of George Washington's character and career, the celebration of the centennial of his inauguration was singularly timely and appropriate. And yet, we doubt very much if the enthusiasm inspired by the celebration would have endured for any length of time, or left a lasting impress upon the public mind, had not the event been signalized by one of the most eloquent and profoundly instructive orations ever delivered by an American citizen—that of Hon. Chauncey M. Depew.

Mr. Depew is always eloquent. He is not always profound. It is not remarkable, considering the constant pressure upon his time, and the tax upon his physical and mental resources, that sometimes there is a touch of superficiality in what he says, and underneath it little but the echoes of his own eloquent voice. But there is nothing superficial in his address at the Sub-treasury.

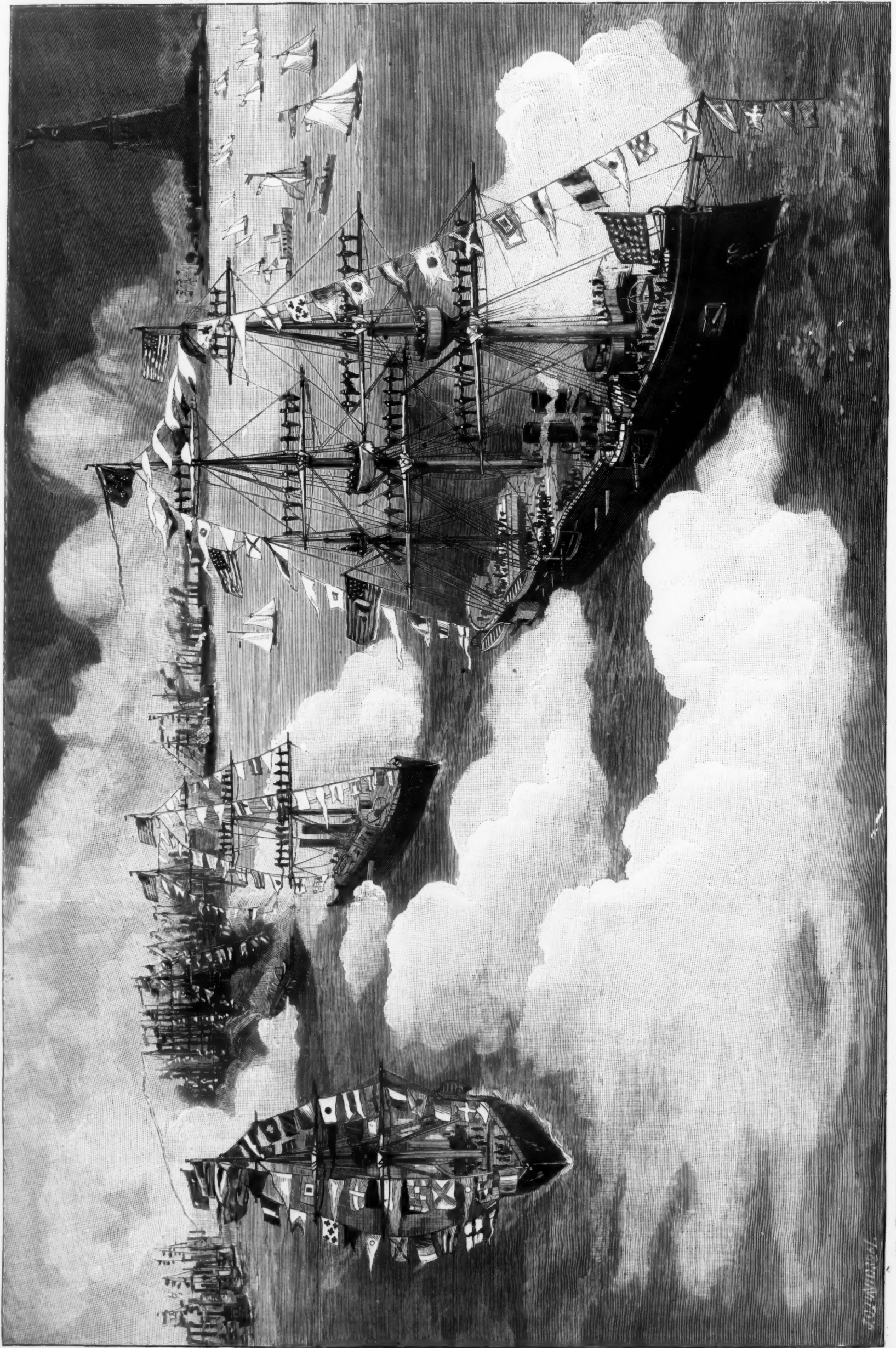
It was a masterly effort. It did not undertake to analyze the character of Washington, nor to eulogize his personal and political virtues. It meant to present, in concrete form, the causes and forces which, in the turmoil of the Revolution, operated in the creation and the development of the Federal Constitution. Next it sought to impress upon the American people the burning fact that the best fruits of the Federal Constitution could only be ripened and developed by the maintenance and perpetuation of the Union. It was, therefore, an appeal to the highest patriotism, founded on the text of the nation's origin. It should be printed in every grammar-school reader and history hereafter published.

It is a singular fact that many Americans have but a faint conception of the almost insurmountable difficulties that confronted Washington, Hamilton, and their associates in the organization of a national government. Mr. Depew in a few words accurately pictures the condition of the land—a mere aggregation of bickering States—at the close of the Revolution. He brings Washington to the front as the one uncrowned king to whom all eyes were turned, in whose presence all bickerings were hushed, all quarrels and contentions ceased. While paying just tribute to others, he gives Washington the highest praise, to which his successful efforts justly entitled him, and of which hereafter no man will dare seek to deprive him. Closing his magnificent effort, the orator devotes himself to the result of the union of States brought about so largely by General Washington. No nobler tribute to the American people was ever paid. The words of the speaker carry with them the inspiration of the hour, and impress with tremendous force the greatest lesson of the Inaugural Celebration.

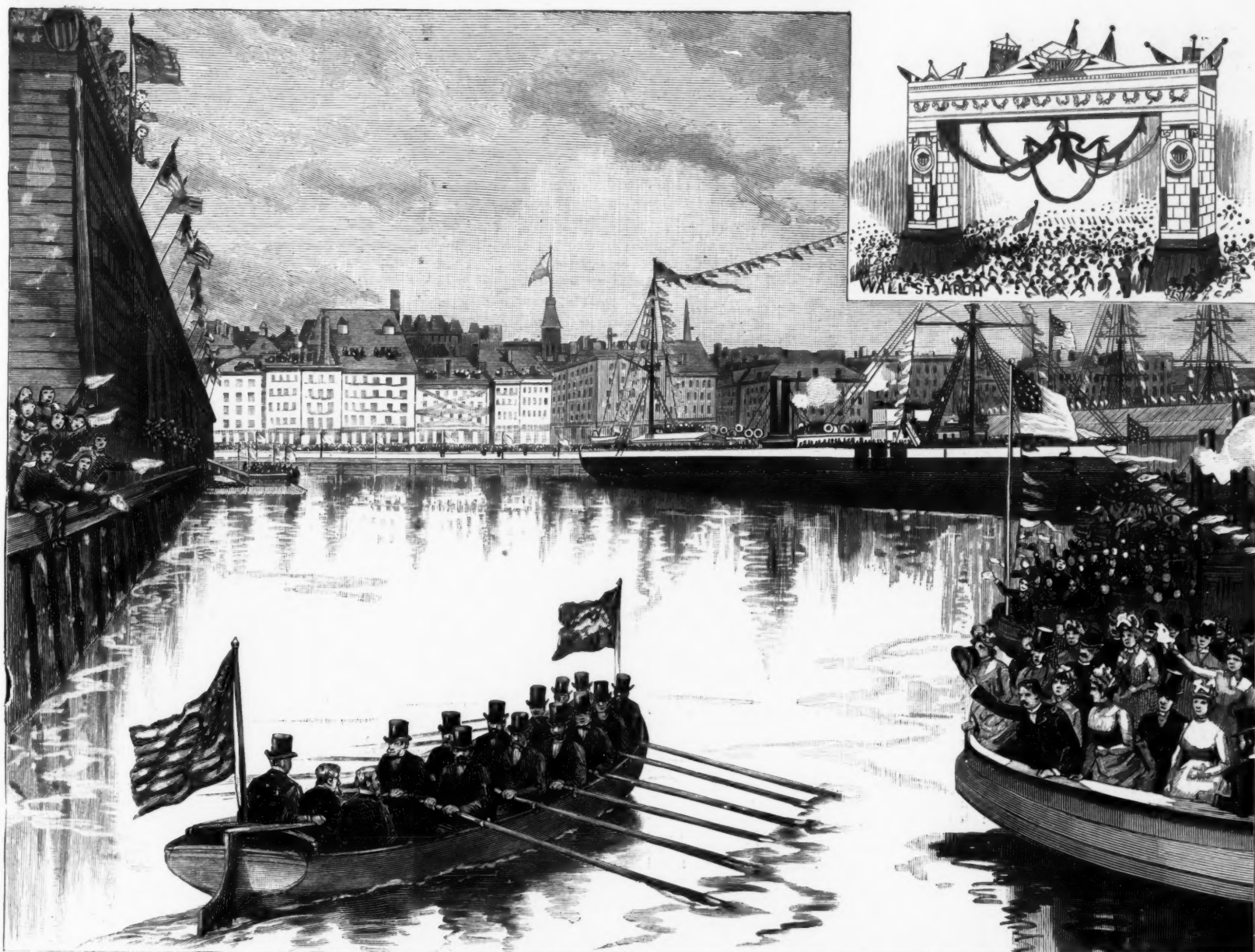
It has been lamented, now and then, that the race of American orators is disappearing, or has disappeared; but so long as Mr. Depew survives and is capable of such utterances as he gave on the centennial of Washington's inauguration, it cannot be said with truth that Webster and Clay left none to follow in their footsteps. President Harrison himself, in the brief remarks following the oration at the Sub-treasury, said:

The selection of Mr. Depew as the orator of this occasion makes further speech not only difficult, but superfluous. He has met the demand of this great occasion on its own high level. He has brought before us the incidents and the lessons of the first inauguration of Washington. We seem to have been a part of that admiring and almost adoring throng that filled these streets one hundred years ago.

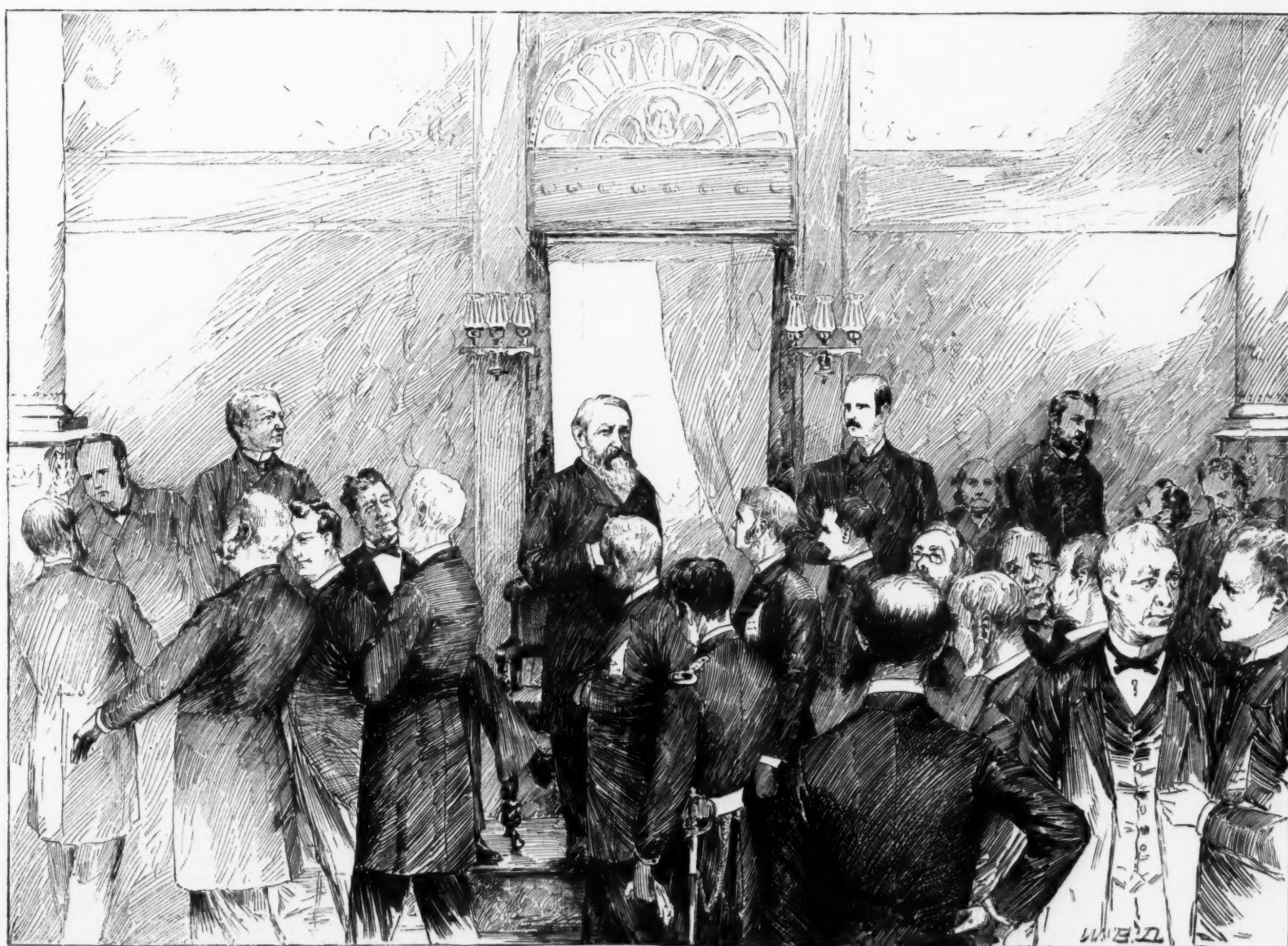
Thomas C. Platt



THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.—THE "DISPATCH," WITH PRESIDENT HARRISON, PASSING THROUGH THE FLEET FROM ELIZABETHPORT TO NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 230.]



THE BARGE WITH PRESIDENT HARRISON AND VICE-PRESIDENT MORTON ENTERING THE SLIP AT WALL STREET.—[SEE PAGE 230.]



THE RECEPTION OF PRESIDENT HARRISON, IN THE ROOMS OF THE LAWYERS' CLUB, AT THE EQUITABLE BUILDING, ON BROADWAY. GUESTS SALUTING THE DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.—DRAWN BY J. S. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 230.]

VILLANELLE.

IN noonday's all-revealing glare,
Your last night's dark-red rose seems dying—
Wouldst cast it off without a care?

Wouldst not for beauty's sake forbear
To send it through the casement flying,
In noonday's all-revealing glare?

Remembering Phyllis, young and fair,
How kindly she observed your sighing,
Wouldst cast it off without a care?

True she said "No," and wrought despair;
But how appears that sad replying,
In noonday's all-revealing air?

She took this rose from out her hair,
With gesture sweetly mollifying—
Wouldst cast it off without a care?

Why, man! its very hue doth swear—
A "Yes" past need of her denying,
In noonday's all-revealing glare!

She left love's silent message where
She pinned the rose, a hope implying—
Wouldst cast it off without a care,
In noonday's all-revealing glare?

EVA WILDER McGLASSON.

[Copyrighted by the JUDGE PUBLISHING CO., 1889.]

A PHILOSOPHER IN LOVE
AND IN UNIFORM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NAPOLEON SMITH."

CHAPTER I.

I hung on a wooden peg over the table at which we sat. It was a common, shiny black cloth knapsack with leather straps, by which it could be borne upon the shoulders, riveted to it. It was of the sort issued to troops by the State instead of the General Government. That is, it was more neatly made, more showy and bright, and had neatly rolled straps on top, in which the blanket or overcoat could be carried as in a traveling-strap; and over and above the general smartness of the knapsack itself, it had nicely lettered upon it, in square white letters, "No. 42. Cadogan, Co. H, 35th Reg. State Vols."

In my military career, how many thousands of such knapsacks I had seen brought from State capitals and as yet unsoiled by Southern mud, or rendered shapeless by long marches under drenched forest-leaves and dripping skies. How many other thousands I had seen at Perryville, Stone River, and Chickamauga, with the varnish and shine gone, and the straps cut by bullet or shrapnel, and the letters dimmed by the red clay of Kentucky or of Tennessee. I stopped for a moment, with knife and fork poised, and looked up at the shining knapsack. Then I looked across at the aged face of my host, and remarked:

"You had a son in the Union Army."

"I never had a son," he said.

"I beg pardon, but by the knapsack, and it seems to have all its contents intact and the blanket yet rolled on top, I thought some relative had used it," I said, in an apologetic tone.

"I know not what may be in it," said the old man, with a sigh.

"Know not what may be in it?" I repeated after him. "That is strange; how long has it been here?"

"Since the summer of 1863," he said. "Read the name on it. My name is Mallon. When Cadogan died, he requested me to hang the knapsack up here and never open it."

"And it has hung right there since 1863!" I ejaculated.

"And will hang right there, unopened and undisturbed, as long as I live," continued my host.

I attempted to resume my meal, but my eyes involuntarily turned to the sagging knapsack and the neatly rolled blanket which yet retained the form which hands now seven years motionless in the grave had given it. At the lower corner might be seen a portion of the blue skirt of a dress-coat, while the centre protruded in square spots as shaped by books or portfolios.

"Was he a stranger to you?" I asked.

"I knew him only three months, while the Union troops were here at Triune, but I loved him as if he had been my son," said the old man, in a tremulous voice.

The daughter of my host, who was the magnet that had drawn me to his house, arose at this moment and, with a murmured apology, left the table and the room.

I felt that my inquisitiveness had become disagreeable to the old man and his daughter, and with a blush of regret I resumed my meal in silence. My host contemplated me silently a moment, and then said:

"There are many about here who will give you their version of the story; so it is better I should tell it you in my own way. It is somewhat strange and sad, and concerns me closely. When you have satisfied your hunger, we will light our pipes and walk over the plantation, and I will tell you all I know of Cadogan and his knapsack which has excited your curiosity. But understand me, Mr. Travis, I am not capable of telling you all the mysteries of this passing strange story, for I lack the education; I lack words and facility of expression to delineate mental phases which you should be cognizant of, to make the story comprehensible. If you yourself have read of the progress made in psychical research, you can mentally supply to the narrative what I fail in telling."

Hastily rising from the table, I followed Mr. Mallon out into the beautiful autumn sunshine of a Middle Tennessee afternoon. In no part of our country does the scenery and atmosphere so blend into perfection and so woo the senses as does the marvelous autumn-time on the high table-lands of this most favored spot. The rich,

spongy sable soil, underlaid by limestone rock, forever free from malaria, and the springs of water trickling from rocky ledges; the swelling uplands bathed in sunshine for unbroken weeks, or silvered by moon or starlight in the intervening nights, where forests murmur in untouched freedom—this is the Italy of America.

"This is his tomb."

The old man had stopped before a door of grating iron-work set into a framework of stone against a hill. Evidently it was a small cave, like many abounding in that region. Heavily padlocked and rusted, the door had long remained unopened. The old man stood before it with uncovered head.

"Is it a family vault?" I asked.

"No, sir; no one is buried here but Cadogan and she," he said.

"Cadogan and she?" I repeated. "Who is she—a lady?"

"That is the story," said the old man. "I am to tell you that. But now let us look back for a moment at the hills yonder. See that thread-like mark along the ridge? Seven years ago it was a line of breastworks and swarming with blue-coated men. Do you see, yonder, some white boards in a row? There are buried Confederate cavalry killed in a skirmish with Brownlow's East Tennesseans. That long, straggling street with scattering houses is the hamlet, or village, of Triune. Fix these localities in your mind, for here the events occurred which make up my story."

I looked across the valley toward the purple hills, and away northward where I knew Nashville, the capital, lay, and then looked into the seamed and careworn face of Mr. Mallon. My host was an erect, stalwart man of sixty years. His white hair hung down upon his shoulders, and he was clothed in the yellow jeans of the Tennessee farmer. Only a few years before, he would have been called one of that despised class—a poor white. But Tennessee was on that border-line where could be seen the arrogant slave-holder side by side with an independent laboring-man, or mechanic, who claimed as proud a position as the idle owner of servile help. Here, in Tennessee, the Northern wave of enterprise and labor spent itself in a frothing edge of tall yeomen who loved freedom; and here the encroaching Southern wave of idle opulence met and mingled with the new civilization, until Union Tennessee regiments faced, on the field, Southern armies made up of Confederate Tennesseans, and neighbors shot into neighbors' breasts, and greeted foemen with familiar names as they sank in death. I had met Mr. Mallon as I followed the chain of the surveyor over his farm, and having sat at his table, had learned to esteem him. The oak forests were soon to thrill with the rattle and roar of railway-trains. An era of enterprise was to follow the rude crash and rumble of war, and, as an engineer, I had climbed over grass-grown fortifications and driven the grade-stakes beside many graves of the late war. But the magnet which exerted the greatest influence upon me in the little village was the only daughter of my host, Lucy Mallon. Myself a middle-aged man, there was something peculiarly attractive to me in her ripened beauty of twenty-seven years. Women arm themselves with charms as does the soldier with weapons. Unwise the footman who shall sneer at the sabre or carbine of the horseman. Foolish the artilleryman in scarlet cord who shall jeer the yellow braid of the engineers. They are arms of one common service. The charms of women are as potent and diversified. There are eyes of jet, brows of black, and lithe forms which stir the blood with admiration. There are blonde curls, languishing eyes of azure, and slender forms that inspire love. There are slender forms, sylph-like and gliding, that entice and win with willowy motion. They are arms of the common service. Lucy Mallon instantly took possession of strongly masculine hearts. What was her secret of power? You have seen the exuberant woman—tall, grand, very fair, and naturally easy and graceful, with that full, not fleshy form which undulates as it moves; with that complexion suggestive of warmth and softness, a cheek against which, with no impulse of passion, you would desire to lay your own; with that round, soft form suggestive of a gentle but strenuous embrace; purity gleaming from a large, clear blue eye, and unstudied and easy friendliness in the warm, soft clasp of a white, dimpled hand. Such a one shall calmly sway the rod over masculine hearts, and reign a queen among her followers down to gray hairs and age.

Here, then, for a time, worshipping silently, I waited. Here I listened to the strange story which follows. Under the slowly fading leaves of that wondrous autumn during the long golden days, or evenings beneath the bare beams of the broad, home-like room, I listened, I worshiped, I pondered, and heard the story of the knapsack.

CHAPTER II.—THE SOLDIER.

ROSECRANS had with the Western Army won the victory of Stone River, and was now recruiting his shattered regiments and dismantled wagon-trains for an aggressive campaign into East Tennessee, as wonderful as Hannibal's invasion of Italy. The Union forces, pressing on southward, had Louisville, Ky., as their first depot of supplies and point of departure. The success of their arms had carried them across one State, and now Nashville, Tenn., was the new depot. To understand the value of General Rosecrans's movement in American history, you must understand that the next base below Nashville must be Chattanooga, and if the war should continue long enough, then another southward step would be to Atlanta, Ga., and the inevitable march to the sea. In the sequence of events put the strategy of Rosecrans in its proper place in the above plan, and Stone River, Chickamauga, and Chat-

tanooga shall be gems in the military crown of a much-underrated man. When future students shall con America's military history and see an army of sixty thousand men, with their military supplies, their pontoons, and artillery, swarming over the Cumberland Mountains into East Tennessee in the face of an alert foe, their inquiries will lead them to the name of Rosecrans. The true Napoleonic mind was here. The clan of the army was raised and inspired by the giving of ribbon-badges, and in every regiment was a select corps of trained marksmen. When the Fourteenth Corps stood with the "Rock of Chickamauga," how many remembered the superior condition of the army which came from Rosecrans's wonderful preparation for the dread day? But generals were too often commanded by newspaper clamor, and what was called a defeat at Chickamauga was found to be the initiative of certain victory, two months later, at Chattanooga.

In the early spring of '63, the divisions of the Western Army were placed in camps of instruction on the turnpike roads spreading, fan-like, out of the City of Nashville. Murfreesboro, Triune, Franklin, were the radiating camps which defended Nashville while the work of forming an invading army went on. The "pikes," the great, wide, beautiful roads were called in the vernacular. The glory of Middle Tennessee, they were the arteries of trade before the coming of the railway. Along one of these broad, white highways moved a division of the army on a certain damp, foggy day in March, 1863. The drummers had their drums slung over their shoulders, and moved in a miserable muddy squad at the heads of the regiments. The most of them were mere boys, and the trousers issued to them by a paternal Government had been made for men. In an emergency of this kind, some rude tailor in the regiment had cut off the superfluous legs of the trousers, leaving the original drape of cloth a wide waste of blue above the abbreviated legs. Poor little fellows! the white mud of the worn pikes had splattered the outlandish garments clear up to the border of the jacket. The regiments were slouching along at rout step, filling the wide pike, moving along the smooth ditches near the fences, and in some cases choosing the smooth greensward beyond the fences. Some of the men were smoking. Guns were carried at will—under the arm at reverse, across the shoulder hanging by the strap, over the shoulder at a hunter's poise, or in the hand at a trail. These were old regiments. Two years of steady service had made them mere machines. Some of these men had made history at Mill Springs, Perryville, Shiloh, Stone River. They had nothing to learn. They had diplomas of completed education in military affairs. The officer at the head of the column turns on his horse and makes a gesture with his hand. The squad of drummers falls into line, the drums strike against the left knee, and as the left foot strikes the ground, a dexterous touch of the sticks evokes a long roll, and then the steady cadence of marking time. As, in chemistry, a cloudy mass of liquid is precipitated and settles itself, leaving a crystal liquid when a drop of some powerful acid is poured into it; so, without a word, the files form, the guns are brought to a uniform slant, officers take their places beside their companies, the color-guard forms around the colors, and in one minute a disordered mass becomes a long, undulating serpent of blue, with serrated back of writhing steel. Now a mile of swaying men swing in cadence with the drums.

"Halt—front!"

The drums cease, and the long line, in two ranks, stand side by side in the road.

"Four paces to the rear—march!"

The pike is empty, and now a rattling, rumbling, clattering sound approaches. It is a battery going to the front. Cannoneers cling to the iron guard-rails of the caissons, and postillions stand up in their stirrups and lash the galloping horses. Whizz—they are gone! Listen a moment, now, down the road.

Boom!

Aha! an answer, too; and now a shell bursts amid a cloud of dirt just ahead there, and an ambulance, with yellow flag flying, hurries to the front.

Boom—boom!

Two of our guns, that was. No answer. No infantry ordered up. What was it? That is all the private soldier knows of a battle. Here and there a soldier, who is used to skirmishes and is impatient, has lighted his pipe and smokes leaning on his musket. Bah, this is nothing! The battery comes back with the cannoneers laughing on their perches, the postillions leaning forward stroking their sweating horses. One cannoneer has a handkerchief, stained with blood, tied across his forehead. He would not take a golden badge for that bloody rag. He is the honored man in McKinney's First Ohio Light.

"What was it, boys?"—from the infantry.

"The Johnnies had a camp on the Harpeth River. Two guns. We run them out"—from the wounded artilleryman.

"Bully for you! Where are they camping, ahead there?" they ask.

"Right by a little village. Triune they call it; almost in sight"—and the battery goes on.

Rout step again. The regiments fall into an irregular line, and move on according to their own sweet will. File left, and they turn into a noble open forest beside the pike. A broad valley all about them. In the distance a village. Arms are stacked and a permanent camp laid out. Our story has to do with two of these soldiers, Cadogan, our hero, was a slender man, apparently between twenty and thirty years of age. The striking features about him were his eyes and mustache. His eyes were of a dark, penetrating blue, and deeply sunken. His long, drooping mustache was jet black, and hung below his chin. The contrast of the eyes and mustache was startling. His face was pale, and had a studious expression. His shoulders had

a student stoop. I may as well say here that no one ever knew his previous history. How came such men in the army? Who will ever know? I once heard, at Fort Wallace, a Regular Army officer lamenting that he could secure no officer competent to get out an architect's plan for a new stone fort. A private soldier stepped up, and asked for draughting-paper, a case of instruments, and a sketch of the desired building. It stands to-day a monument of his ability. He was a graduate of the best German universities, and was a private soldier in the cavalry. Cadogan was such a man. Who would he select for his bunk-mate? We might rashly conclude that he would find no congenial companion. What has been your own experience? We admire in others traits which we do not possess. The antipodes balance the world. Slender, refined, exquisitely refined, he drifted into the loyal care and love of Sam Campbell. Sam was six feet two, according to his descriptive papers; red hair and beard; weight 180 pounds. His uniform had to be let out, to fit his capacious form. He never read a book. He hated philosophy, but he loved Cadogan. Now he stood with his hands on his hips, and stared down angrily at Cadogan, who had lighted his pipe, pulled out a book, and was sitting on a stump reading. Then he said:

"Say, Cadogan, are you going to help put up this tent, or not?"

The reader looked up pleasantly, fixed his calm eyes on Campbell, and said:

"What does it matter?"

"By thunder, old man, it matters a good deal. Are you going to sit there in the fog and frost and read all night?" and Sam hitched up his voluminous trousers spasmodically.

"Tents, Sam, and camp-fires and rations, are only the accessories of life. They are not, and should not be, the chief end of man. This body is a tent; so is the world, so is the universe. What, then, is real, Sam, mind, my boy, only mind. The crowd wears out its life fussing with the tent. The real man lives in thought, and he only exists," and Cadogan leaned back and smoked contentedly.

"Cadogan," said Sam, impressively, "I really believe, if it were not for me, you would roll up in a blanket and sleep beside that stump, and get up to-morrow morning with icicles on your mustache."

"Sam, my noble Caliban, have I not done so a hundred times in the last year? Famine affects me not. Heat and cold are indifferent to me. I live superior to this world. Man is a superior creature, and no law should control him. You know I believe this, Sam. This is not rant." He arose and approached Sam excitedly. "Have you ever seen a law before which I bowed? I am not boasting, but did you ever see me fear? Did cold or hunger ever make me suffer?"

"No, by George! Cadogan, I never saw you back down or turn aside for anything. I wish you were more human, old man. I wish you cared more for common things and would come down out of the skies. You know I love you, but I dread that awful, cold-blooded theosophy you study so much; and mark me, Cadogan, what you think elevates you nearer to the secret laws of God, in my opinion, only draws you down nearer to earth. God never made man to be invulnerable to all common hurts and miseries. It is a dream, my boy. Your regimen of food, your study of mental phenomena, as you call them, all is a delusion. I am going to preach a little now. I love your superior mind, but you are morbid. Take this axiom, old chap: Man needed water, and God put it everywhere handy for him; man needed a religion, and it has been made just as simple and easy of access as water. Your dreams will ruin you, Cadogan."

As Sam talked, Cadogan looked calmly in his eyes and smiled. When he ceased to talk, a curious change took place. His eyes still fixed upon his slender companion, he drew slowly near until his great hands rested on Cadogan's shoulders; they slipped down and embraced the slender body, then Cadogan said:

"Put up the tent, my boy. I will go and get some wood for the evening meal."

He turned to walk away when Sam called after him:

"Here comes the sergeant with our mail. We have had none before in a week."

Cadogan stopped, but did not turn back, and said:

"Where is that letter of mine from?"

"Calcutta, India, and it is covered with strange postmarks and stamps. Is it a love-letter, Cadogan?" asked Sam.

"You may open it and read it," said Cadogan, smilingly.

"May I? Here goes, then. Well, I'm blamed if I think any one need steal your letters. It looks as if it were written with the head of a shingle-nail," said Sam.

"There are only three men besides myself in the United States who can read that letter. It is written in a language which has been dead four thousand years. Put it in your pocket until I come back, Sam," and Cadogan walked slowly away. (To be continued.)

JUDGE GEORGE CHANDLER,

FIRST ASSISTANT SECRETARY, DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

HON. GEORGE CHANDLER, the First Assistant Secretary of the Interior, was born September 20th, 1834, at Hermitage, Wyoming County, New York. He spent his boyhood upon a farm, and afterward took a three-years preparatory course in Beloit College, Wisconsin. He then entered the Law Department of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, graduating therefrom in the class of 1866. In 1871 Mr. Chandler emigrated to Independence, Kan., seeking fortune and fame in that new field. At first his practice was small, and his means being slender, he and his partner made

the bookcases for their office with their own hands. Chandler continued in the practice of law until about five years ago, when he succeeded Judge Perkins as Judge of the Eleventh Judicial District. Judge Chandler is justly regarded as one of the best lawyers and ablest district judges in Kansas. He has the largest district in point of population and business in the State, and has been remarkable for his persistence in opposing any attempt to change and make it smaller. As a lawyer, Judge Chandler is wedded to his profession, and while he has had little time for participation in active politics, he is an ardent and uncompromising Republican, always outspoken in his views. He is a man of the highest personal character, of rigid integrity, and in all the relations of life is an exemplary citizen, and will distinguish himself in whatever position he may be called upon to fill. He is one of the most industrious officials at Washington, and may be found any day or evening in the week (Sunday excepted) hard at work, poring over his official papers and documents from 9 A.M. till 10 P.M. The most important branch of the work committed to the First Assistant Secretary of the Interior is the consideration of appeals from the rulings of the Land-office in contested land-claims, involving not only construction of the pre-emption, homestead, timber-culture and desert laws, but mining and other laws affecting the rights of persons and property to an incalculable amount. In addition, he considers appeals from the administrative action of both the Commissioners of Patents and of Indian Affairs, signs all pension certificates, supervises business transacted by

doubt be a most creditable representative of the United States. He has been prominently connected with the educational interests of Milwaukee, and has held a number of political and society offices of trust. He has been one of the trustees of the Public Library, and was very active in the management of that excellent institution.

Mr. Goldschmidt will leave for his post of duty about May 15th, and will be accompanied to Vienna by his family, which consists of his wife and four children—two sons and two daughters. Mrs. Goldschmidt, who is a lady of many accomplishments, is a daughter of Emil Wiskirch, ex-Register of Deeds, one of the old German residents of Milwaukee.

(Continued from page 231.)

THE GRAND CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

imagination, and we contemplate the vast accumulations of the century with awe and pride. Our population has grown from four to sixty-five millions. Its centre, moving westward five hundred miles since 1789, is eloquent with the founding of cities and the birth of States. The infant industries which the first act of our first Administration sought to encourage now give remunerative employment to more people than inhabited the republic at the beginning of Washington's Presidency. The grand total of their annual output of seven thousand millions of dollars in value places the United States first among the manufacturing countries of the earth. One-half the

divisions produce only the healthy antagonism of parties which is necessary for the preservation of liberty.—*Mr. Depeu's Address.*

The spirit of Washington fills the Executive office. Presidents may not rise to the full measure of his greatness, but they must not fall below his standard of public duty and obligation. His life and character, conscientiously studied and thoroughly understood by coming generations, will be for them a liberal education for private life and public station, for citizenship and patriotism, for love and devotion to Union and Liberty.—*Mr. Depeu's Address.*

The heroes of the American Revolution are now departed. That age of pre-eminent creative genius has passed away. But the country which their valor, statesmanship, and patriotism saved and established still proudly exists, enjoying the blessings of civil and religious liberty, augmenting in population, increasing in resources, strengthening in power.—*Governor Hill's Response.*

Let us then have an abiding faith in "our people." Let petulance and discontent with popular action disappear before the truth that in any and all circumstances the will of the people, however it may be exercised, is the law of our national existence—the arbiter absolute and unchangeable by which we must abide.—*Ex-President Cleveland's Response.*

Indeed, so happily constituted is the Presidency that we must say of each of the twenty-six Presidential elections under the Constitution, that either candidate might have been elected, and the good citizen whose partisan feeling was strongest, and whose disappointment was bitterest, could repose on his pillow consoled by the

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

ONE HUNDRED houses were built in Guthrie, Oklahoma, within a week after it was occupied by the first "boomer."

THE British House of Commons has adopted, by a vote of 113 to 103, a motion censuring the Government for fostering spirit-drinking in India.

THE exclusion of whisky from Oklahoma Territory during the first fortnight of its occupation contributed not a little to the preservation of good order.

THE Canadian Parliament was prorogued last week by the Governor-general, who complimented the members on the results of the legislative session.

A HIGH-LICENSE bill providing that \$2,500 should be paid for a license instead of \$500 has been defeated in the Missouri Senate after having passed the Lower House.

A NEW overland passenger-train just placed on the Union Pacific Railway will make the distance between New York and San Francisco in four days and twenty-one hours.

THE Minnesota Legislature has passed a law to insure greater privacy in the execution of the death-penalty. Among the provisions is one making it a misdemeanor for any newspaper to publish anything about an execution except the mere fact.

THE action of the New York Central management in suspending freight-trains, so far as possible, on the railway-lines connected with its system, is likely to be copied by the Reading and other companies. The Lehigh Valley road already gives its employees Sunday as a rest day.

A LETTER from the United States Consul at Chin-Kiang, in China, the scene of the riot and murderous assault upon foreigners, in March, states that the Government has ordered a prompt adjustment of all claims for damages. A number of the offenders have lost their heads.

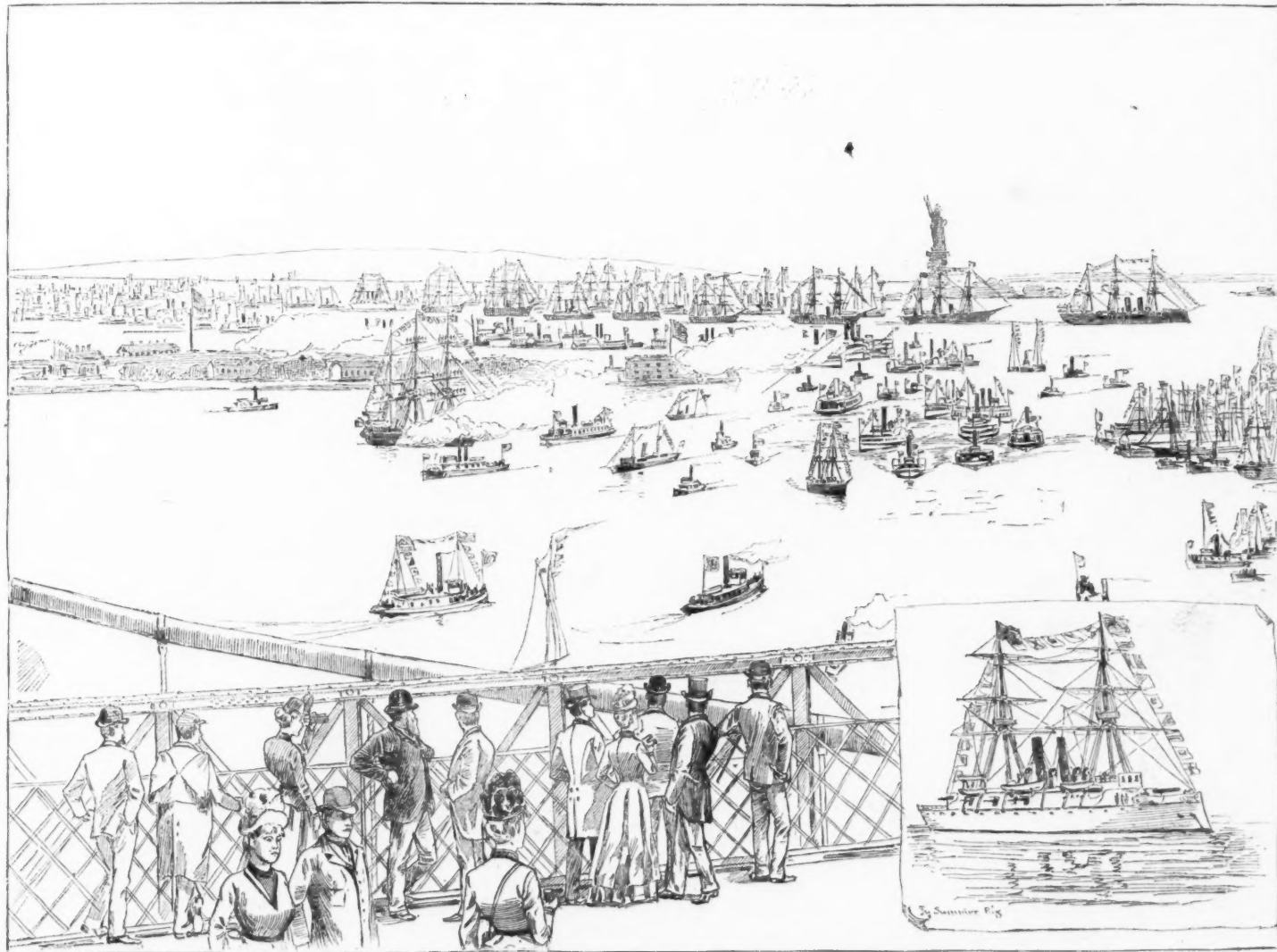
THE new license law in Massachusetts has reduced the number of licensed houses in Boston from 3,000 to 780, and there is, in consequence, wide-spread lamentation and excitement among the liquor-dealers. The law provides that there shall be but one saloon to every 500 inhabitants, and it is understood that this proportion will be rigidly maintained. Among the persons who have failed to secure licenses under the new system are several of the most prominent politicians of the city, who have heretofore found their profit in mixing rum and politics.

THE Anarchists of Chicago continue the work of organizing their forces, all working in harmony. Their Sunday-schools and other meetings are held with great regularity. They have adopted the Russian plan for holding meetings, the members being informed by secret signs where the next meeting will take place. For the purpose of making it more difficult for the police to watch their meetings and control their movements, they meet in small groups at the houses of various members, where they conduct their conspiracies against society.

A STATEMENT prepared at the Treasury Department shows that there has been a net increase of \$7,769,683 in the circulation since April 1, and that there has been a net increase of \$4,903,034 in the money and bullion in the Treasury during the same period.

THE Centennial was celebrated in Chicago by parades, church-services, eight patriotic mass-meetings held simultaneously, and a banquet where speeches were made by Justice Harlan of the Supreme Court, Robert T. Lincoln, W. C. Breckinridge, John M. Thurston, and others. There were patriotic services in all the churches in Washington, and similar services and parades were held in all the large cities throughout the Union.

THE noble red man is exposed to a new danger—that offered by the patent-medicine men. Red Cloud has expressed himself in strong English against the exhibition of Indians by any show. It was the chief complaint he made to the "Great Father" on his recent visit, and as proof that he knew what he was talking about comes a communication from the Pine Ridge Agency that 240 of the Indians there have been inveigled into joining a patent-medicine company. They had been assured that a little private corporation could take better care of them than the "Great Father," and they left the agency by stealth. Two hundred noble red men to be used to advertise patent medicine! To travel all over this broad country, sit in wigwams at county fairs and stir up a decoction that the long-haired fakirs would sell as the Indian "Elixir of Life"! The Interior Department is giving attention to the report, and the 200 braves will probably march back to the Pine Ridge Agency and the paternal care of the Government.



THE GRAND NAVAL PARADE OF APRIL 29TH.—SCENE FROM THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.—[SEE PAGE 230.]

the Bureau of Education, document and census divisions, and also matters relating to the Hospital for the Insane, the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, the Maryland Blind Freedman's Hospital, Yellowstone National Park, and Arkansas Hot Springs. He also has charge of the discipline of all the employees of the Interior Department, besides various other miscellaneous duties.

The impression made upon public men by Judge Chandler has been most favorable, and it is the universal comment, among newspaper men at least, that he is, beyond question, the best specimen Kansas has ever contributed to department life at Washington.

JULIUS GOLDSCHMIDT,

U. S. CONSUL-GENERAL TO AUSTRO-HUNGARY.

MR. JULIUS GOLDSCHMIDT, of Milwaukee, the new Consul-general to Austro-Hungary, is a leading representative of the German population of Wisconsin, especially of that element of the Republican party which refused to follow the leadership of Hon. Carl Schurz when he left the ranks of the Republicans and became an independent. Mr. Goldschmidt was born in Germany, and emigrated to Milwaukee about twenty-three years ago. He is now forty-two years of age, and holds a prominent and honorable position in that community. He is possessed of fine executive and business ability, and his active management of the affairs of the Brand Stove Company, of which he is vice-president, has made it one of the most successful of its kind in the Northwest. He is a man of culture and fine education, and as Consul-general at Vienna will no

total mileage of all the railroads, and one-quarter of all the telegraph-lines of the world within our borders, testify to the volume, variety, and value of an internal commerce which makes these States, if need be, independent and self-supporting. These hundred years of development under favoring political conditions have brought the sum of our national wealth to a figure which has passed the results of a thousand years for the mother-land, herself otherwise the richest of all modern empires.—*Mr. Depeu's Address.*

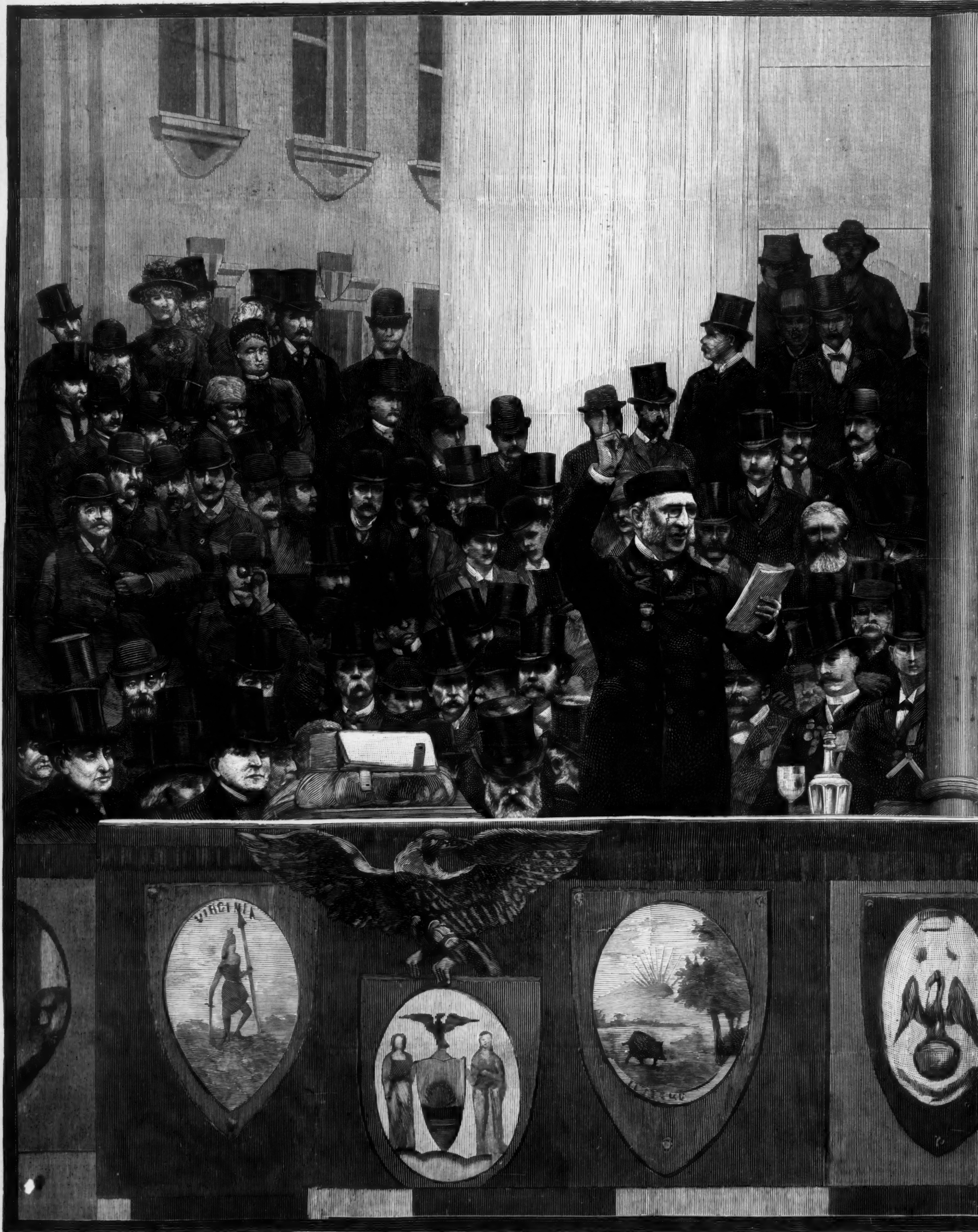
Europe has felt the influence and received the benefit of the incalculable multiplication of force by inventive genius since the Napoleonic wars; and yet, only two hundred and sixty-nine years after the little band of Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, our people, numbering less than one-fifteenth of the inhabitants of the globe, do one-third of its mining, one-fourth of its manufacturing, one-fifth of its agriculture, and own one-sixth of its wealth. . . . Twenty millions, a vast majority of our people of intelligent age, acknowledging the authority of their several churches, twelve millions of children in the common schools, three hundred and forty-five universities and colleges for the higher education of men and two hundred for women—four hundred and fifty institutions of learning for science, law, medicine, and theology, are the despair of the scoffer and the demagogue, and the firm support of civilization and liberty.—*Mr. Depeu's Address.*

The sun of our destiny is still rising and its rays illumine vast territories as yet unoccupied and undeveloped, and which are to be the happy homes of millions of people. The questions which affect the powers of Government and the expansion or limitation of the authority of the Federal Constitution are so completely settled, and so unanimously approved, that our political

reflection, Although my party is beaten, my country is safe.—*Ex-President Hayes's Response.*

We can truly say of the Presidency that the results of twenty-five consecutive terms have vindicated the wisdom of the fathers who established it. Of twenty-two terms there are two things which may be said: One is that no great remediless harm came through the executive power to the people it was intended to serve. The other is that if no eminent historical benefit, lasting through the ages, was conferred by most of them, it was perhaps because the opportunity for illustrious achievement did not occur. But during them all, the Nation, by its inherent resources and energy, pushed rapidly forward in a career of unparalleled prosperity and happiness, unimpeded by executive crimes or blunders. Finally, during the critical and anxious years of the other three Presidential terms the opportunity came to America, and she gave to the world two Chief Magistrates whose character and deeds, unrivaled in human annals, were crowned by a devotion to country and mankind which enabled them to furnish an example of independence of personal advantage and of selfish love of power, of wealth and of title, either for themselves or their families, absolutely unknown before in the history of the rulers of the world. By their administration of the Presidency, Washington and Lincoln made the great office, and the century whose completion we celebrate, forever illustrious.—*Ex-President Hayes's Response.*

The undisputed and indisputable maxims of the English Constitution, that the King could do no wrong and that Parliament was omnipotent, were limits upon the rights of the people and upon judicial authority in their protection, which disappeared with our grand conception of the supremacy of a written constitution.—*Senator Evarts's Response.*



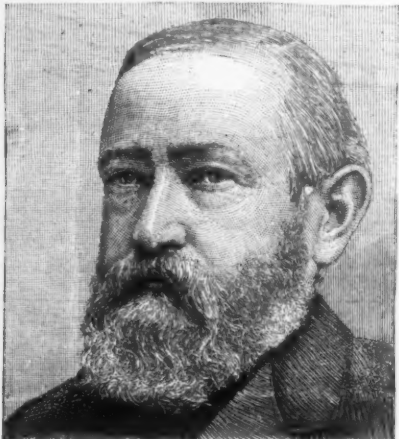
THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.—SCENE AT THE SUB-TREASURY BUILDING, ON WALL STREET, THE SITE OF OLD F
HISTORIC ORATION.—FROM A PHOTO



OF OLD FEDERAL HALL, IN WHICH WASHINGTON TOOK THE OATH OF OFFICE—HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW DELIVERING THE
 FROM A PHOTO. BY JACOB W. BAAB.—[SEE PAGE 230.]

THE GRAND CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

IF the success of the Washington Inaugural Centennial, as it is tersely called, depended upon the wide representation of the country's citizenship, the presence of uncounted thousands of strangers, and boundless enthusiasm, then the exercises which began on Monday morning and



HON. BENJAMIN HARRISON, PRESIDENT.

ended Wednesday night, last week, were certainly successful. Representatives from every State in the Union participated in all the public exercises. The railroads converging at this point were crowded for a week by such a pressure of passenger travel as had never before been experienced. From the time that President Harrison reached Elizabethport, at 7.30 on Monday morning, until the hour of his departure, on Wednesday evening, he found himself in the midst of welcoming multitudes. On Monday the official rank, the dignitaries of social and political life, welcomed him, and on Wednesday he fittingly received a God-speed from the assembled ranks of toil and labor.



HON. LEVI P. MORTON, VICE-PRESIDENT.

Three days of storm had swept the streets cleaner than brush and broom could have done, and the visitors were delighted with the tidy appearance of the city's thoroughfares. Monday, the day of the President's arrival, was a constant succession of receptions, crowded, crushing, and overwhelming in their enthusiasm. Perhaps the greatest disappointment of the entire programme was the naval parade, which occurred on the opening day—not that any effort was spared to make it a success, but a naval parade, by a nation without a navy, could scarcely furnish an imposing spectacle. And yet, few pictures could



MRS. BENJAMIN HARRISON.

be more delightful than that which was presented as the assembled fleet of small craft, headed by the few men-of-war which our Navy boasts, lay bathed in the radiant sunlight upon the polished surface of the finest harbor that God has ever created for the uses of commerce. At the close of the naval reception, the President experienced the first taste of his real welcome by the people of this city. When, having landed at the foot of Wall Street, he reached the massive Equitable Building, to attend the reception tendered him by the Lawyers' Club, so great was the throng that, for blocks about, the streets were inaccessible, and admission to the building was secured only at the sacrifice of personal comfort and even safety itself.



MRS. LEVI P. MORTON.

Following this reception, which was lavish in its generosity and hospitality, came the public reception at the Governor's Room in the City Hall, where the President met a most cheerful welcome from the assembled girls of the public schools, strewing flowers in his pathway. The close of the day brought with it the Centennial Ball at the Metropolitan Opera House, with an-



GENERAL J. M. SCHOFIELD.

other crush, both inside and outside the immense structure.

The ball, and the banquet on the following night, consumed the bulk of the expenditure contributed for the entire centennial exercises. The State of New York appropriated \$200,000 for the event, of which \$125,000 was for the transportation and care of the National Guard, and \$20,000 for the Grand Army of the Republic, leaving \$55,000 for the Centennial Committee; and this, with \$5,000 more, was expended for the expenses of the ball and banquet. The supper, including wines at the ball, con-



ADMIRAL DAVID PORTER.

sumed nearly \$30,000, and the food and wine at the banquet for eight hundred guests required half that amount. The City Government, how-



EDWARD F. JONES, LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR.



MRS. EDWARD F. JONES.

ever, appropriated \$75,000 to the Centennial Committee, and the voluntary subscriptions increased this by \$45,000, making the aggregate fund, including the State appropriation, about \$175,000 to meet all the expenses to which the Centennial Committee was put. In addition to these appropriations, several States made appropriations for the transportation and care of their



MAYOR HUGH GRANT.

own representatives. Massachusetts alone expended \$60,000 for this purpose. The enormous cost of the banquet may be imagined from the fact that Mr. Ward McAllister, before his retirement from the Entertainment Committee, purchased all of the Romance Conti Burgundy which was to be found, vintage of 1878, the entire lot of 150 bottles costing \$6 per bottle. In addition to this, the cigars especially secured



COLONEL S. V. R. CRUGER.

by Mr. McAllister for the dinner cost fifty cents each.

The great day of the celebration was Tuesday. It began with thanksgiving services in the churches, with a special service for the President and the members of his party at St. Paul's Chapel, Bishop Henry C. Potter conducting the services after the form of the exercises conducted by the Episcopal Bishop of New York



GENERAL DANIEL BUTTERFIELD.

at the inauguration of Washington, one hundred years ago. The sermon by Bishop Potter on this occasion we especially commend to the attention of our readers. It was by many considered the most striking literary feature of the entire exercises—striking because of the earnest, vigorous, and manly presentation of some wholesome truths specially befitting the occasion.

Immediately after the service at St. Paul's, the President and his party proceeded to the Sub-



POLICE SUPERINTENDENT MURRAY.

treasury, at the corner of Wall and Nassau Streets, the scene of Washington's inauguration, on April 30th, 1789. The exercises at this point continued for less than an hour, and were dignified, appropriate, and impressive. Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs, and a poem, by John Greenleaf Whittier, printed elsewhere, was read. Hon. Chauncey M. Depew delivered the oration, President Harrison spoke briefly, and Archbishop Corrigan closed the exercises with the Benediction. The poem will live to be repeated at the next centennial observance of the Washington inauguration. It grows upon one's mind and impresses itself more deeply upon one's heart as it is thoughtfully read and reread. Of



RT. REV. BISHOP POTTER.

Mr. Depew's masterly oration and Mr. Harrison's brief, but earnest, reply mention is made elsewhere, and extracts are also given. The President was received with most fervent enthusiasm, and spoke with quiet dignity and with a strong and animated voice. He sat in his carriage as he was driven to the residence of Vice-president Morton, and kept uncovered in respectful acknowledgment of the plaudits of the people. Once, as he arrived in front of the JUDGE Building, he arose from his seat and bowed with stately grace to a throng on either side. The military parade, witnessed as it was by not less than a million persons, gathered along the avenues and streets through which it passed, was the grand-



HON. HAMILTON FISH.

est spectacle of the kind ever witnessed in the City of New York. There were fifty thousand men in line, and they marched by a given point at the rate of 9,500 an hour, thus covering the line of march of over five and one-half miles in less than six hours. Round after round of applause greeted the various organizations as they marched, with stately step, to the sound of martial music. From windows along Fifth Avenue, and at other points, ladies threw oranges and flowers to the soldiers as they halted for a moment in the march, and the clapping of hands and the waving of handkerchiefs was incessant. No such military review has been known in the United States since the march of the Union Army up Pennsylvania Avenue, in Washington,

at the close of the war. Well organized and well managed, it was considered by many to be the grandest feature of the celebration. The cordial welcome extended and the generous greeting given along the route to the representatives from the South, the Governors, their staffs, and the Southern troops, was significant indeed of the reconciliation, peace, and unity achieved through a century of experience, some of it darkly shadowed and crimsoned with blood.

The State of New York furnished the largest contingent of military—15,000 men, headed by Governor Hill. Its troops numbered some of the best-drilled organizations in the line. Ohio, with its 4,000, and Pennsylvania, with its 8,000, shared in the honor of the largest representation, an honor in which the Grand Army of the Republic, with its 8,000 or 9,000 veterans, also had a part. The States with the smallest delegations sent the choicest fruits of their citizen soldiery, and deserved the most generous applause. The military pageant furnished a practical illustration of the fact that the war is over, and that sectionalism is forgotten. With the Governors of South Carolina, Virginia, Louisiana, Georgia, Kentucky, and other States—most of them distinguished soldiers in the Confederate service—marching side by side with the Union veterans, and receiving unstinted applause from the same fair hands and the same fair lips that welcomed the Union soldiers, who shall say that the past is not forgotten as well as forgiven?

The evening fire-works at different points in the city, witnessed by no less than a million and a half of people, the open-air concert of the German singing societies of the city—a delightful conception, excellently carried out—and the magnificent banquet, closed the official exercises of Tuesday. Governor Hill, in fitting words, officially extended the city's and the State's welcome to the President at the banquet. The toasts were responded to by a number of dis-

Koppler. There were eight brigades of public-school children, preceded by nearly a thousand college-students, and they evoked the special compliment of President Harrison. Next to the hearts of the admiring populace seemed to be the firemen, with their trim uniforms and gayly decorated engines and hose-carts. There were over 6,000 of these, including 200 veterans, with Harry Howard, the veteran chief, at their head. The firemen from out of town, with their handsomely decorated engines and hose-carts, attracted special attention. The German cavalcade embraced nearly 20,000 men, subdivided into three sections, embracing sixty organizations and nearly as many floats. There were sharpshooters, bakers, singing societies, athletic associations, and German religious societies, all quaintly uniformed and bearing traces of the costumes of the Fatherland. Their Grand Marshal was General Emil Schaeffer, accompanied by one of the largest and handsomest staffs seen in the procession.

The Irish-American organizations numbered nearly 14,000, and including over 4,000 of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, led by General J. R. O'Beirne. A number of religious Catholic societies and temperance bodies followed, and their marching was noticeably good. About fifty labor organizations were in line, including 3,000 piano-makers, and carpenters and joiners. Many of these were from out of town, Brooklyn sending the largest contingent from outside the city. The clothing-cutters were dressed in neat uniforms, and the butchers, bricklayers, and others were made conspicuous by their white printed aprons. The unique feature of this division was presented by the plasterers' society, dressed from top to toe in white, and wearing red, white, and blue badges. The Italian societies numbered 2,000, while representatives of thirty Swiss societies counted nearly 300 more. Tammany Hall, which can hardly be classified except as a political organization, was

manners, mistaking bigness for greatness, and sadly confounding gain and godliness—all this is a contrast to the austere simplicity, the unpurchasable integrity, of the first days and first men of our Republic, which makes it impossible to reproduce to-day either the temper or the conduct of our fathers.—*Bishop Potter's Sermon.*

We have exchanged the Washingtonian dignity for the Jeffersonian simplicity, which was, in truth, only another name for the Jacksonian vulgarity. And what have we gotten in exchange for it?—*Bishop Potter's Sermon.*

Out from airs dense and foul with the coarse passions and coarser rivalries of self-seeking men, we turn aside as from the crowd and glare of some vulgar highway, swarming with pushing and ill-bred throngs, and tawdry and clamorous with bedizened booths and noisy speech, in some cool and shaded wood where straight to heaven some majestic oak lifts its tall form, its roots imbedded deep among the unchanging rocks, its upper branches sweeping the upper airs and holding high commune with the stars; and, as we think of him for whom we here thank God, we say, "Such a one, in native majesty he was a ruler, wise and strong and fearless, in the sight of God and men, because by the ennobling grace of God he had learned first of all to conquer every mean and selfish and self-seeking aim, and so to rule himself!"—*Bishop Potter's Sermon.*

We have come into the serious, but always inspiring, presence of Washington. He was the incarnation of duty, and he teaches us to-day this great lesson—that those who would associate their names with events that shall outlive a century can only do so by high consecration to duty. Self-seeking has no public observance or anniversary. The captain who gives to the sea his cargo of rags, that he may give safety and deliverance to his imperiled fellow-men, has fame; he who lands the cargo has only wages.—*President Harrison at the Sub-treasury.*

PERSONAL.

GENERAL BOULANGER has taken a house in a fashionable part of London.

SENATOR STANFORD hopes to open the great university founded in memory of his son, next year. He has not yet found a suitable man for the presidency.

THE anniversary of the birthday of General Grant was celebrated on the 27th ult., by a dinner of leading citizens of New York representing both political parties.

EX-GOVERNOR WILLIAM M. STONE of Iowa, who has been appointed Assistant Commissioner of the General Land-office, served with distinction for three years in the Civil War.

A FAREWELL banquet to ex-Senator Palmer, recently appointed United States Minister to Spain, brought together at Detroit, a few days ago, over 300 representative citizens of Michigan, including many prominent Democrats.

CAPTAIN MURRELL of the steamer *Missouri* has been appointed a Knight of the Order of the Dannebrog by King Christian of Denmark, in recognition of his services in rescuing the passengers and crew of the Danish steamer *Danmark*.

COLONEL OLCOTT, the theosophist, is in Japan, invited by a strong and influential deputation to lecture there on Buddhism. He delivered his first lecture at Kobe, in the temple of Mofatof, where Buddhism was first taught in Japan, on the day the new constitution was formally announced.

THE appointment of Mr. Robert P. Porter, the brilliant editor of the *New York Press*, as Superintendent of the Census, was one which does credit to President Harrison. It was the appointment of a man by all odds the best fitted for the place, and, we might add, the most deserving of it.

NOR only did Mr. Depew insist upon stopping the Sunday trains on the Vanderbilt railroads as far as possible, but he also insisted, as the presiding officer of the Grant birthday banquet, which occurred on a Saturday evening, on closing the exercises promptly before the midnight hour, so that they might not encroach on the Sabbath Day.

SECRETARY BLAINE is looking better than he did some time ago, but he takes as much care of himself as if he were in training. He uses the massage movement, practices hygienic gymnastics, and takes the very best possible care of his body. Walker Blaine is yet lame, but still does two men's work, as there is a vacancy in the office of First Assistant Secretary of State that remains unfilled.

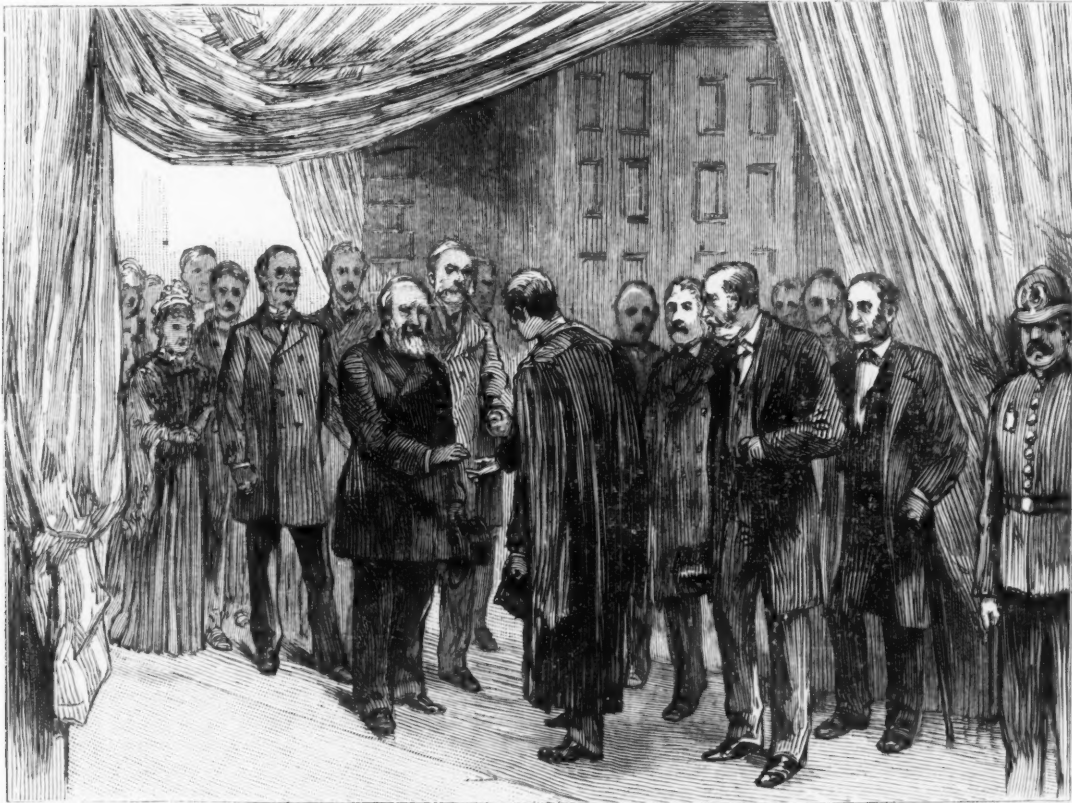
LORD DUNRAVEN is dissatisfied with the conditions proposed for the international race for the *America's* cup, and it is probable that he will not enter the *Valkyrie* if the terms of the deed of trust of 1887 are insisted upon. The *Valkyrie* was launched on the 1st inst. The frames are of steel, the top-sides, deck, and fittings are of teak, and the bottom-plankings are of hard-wood. The length is 85 feet; beam, 15.9 feet; depth, 11.6 feet, and tonnage, 56.76. The length on the load water-line is just under 70 feet.

ONE of the wits of New York City, whose rich humor shines only for those in his immediate circle, is Mr. James H. Breslin of the Gilsey House. Recently the merits of a distinguished visitor from another city, a millionaire, were under discussion. Some one bluntly declared that he was extremely "close-listed," and appealed to Mr. Breslin for confirmation of the statement. The latter, who makes it a rule never to speak unpleasantly of friend or foe, was put to his mettle for a reply, but finally remarked, "Well, I do think that he hates to change a bill about as bad as any man I know!"

THE Justices of the United States Supreme Court are a chummy lot. Chief Justice Fuller and Judge Harlan are almost always together, and are daily seen walking to and from the Capitol, in Washington. Judge Field and Judge Bradley are very close friends, and are at each other's houses frequently. Judge Blatchford and Judge Lamar walk or drive in company every pleasant afternoon. Judge Miller, in his walks or drives, "goes it alone," but he is the friend of every justice, and his society is gladly welcomed by any of them at all times.

AMONG the pleasant incidents of the great civic and industrial parade of last Wednesday was the presentation to Mr. Michael Crane, President of the Volunteer Firemen's Association, of a magnificent jeweled badge, worth some \$700, as a token of the appreciation in which he is held by his associates. The badge is a combination of the association seal and badge, with insignia of the volunteer fire service, and is a perfect bit of workmanship. Mr. Crane has been remarkably successful in his management of the affairs of the association, and was recently re-elected as its President by a very decisive vote.

FRIENDS of Mr. Murat Halstead of the Cincinnati *Gazette* concede that his affection of the heart is of such a character that there is great uncertainty regarding the future. Mr. Halstead's illness was in nowise chargeable to the rejection by the Senate of his name for the German mission. He did not know of his rejection until three days after it had occurred, when, in answer to his inquiry, he was told of the fact. It did not seem to concern him in the least until the following day, when he remarked to an attendant that his only uneasiness regarding his rejection lay in the fear that some might think that it was the cause of his illness. Mr. Halstead had never been in the doctor's care before his present illness, and it is not remarkable that he has been a restless patient. He jokes with his physician, and sometimes declines to take the medicines prescribed, indulging his own fancy as to whether he needs them or not. The press of the land will unitedly hope for Mr. Halstead's speedy recovery.



THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.—RECEPTION OF PRESIDENT HARRISON AT THE ENTRANCE OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, ON THE MORNING OF APRIL 30TH.—DRAWN BY MATT MORGAN.

tinguished gentlemen, and the brightest words that were spoken are briefly given elsewhere.

The popular day of the celebration was the closing one, Wednesday, and it was the general verdict that it surpassed in interest both of the other days. It was significant of the cosmopolitan character of the American people. All nationalities were represented. We doubt if at any time there have been so many foreign-born, or sons of foreign-born, citizens merged together in any celebration in this city. The Frenchman and the German, the Orangeman and the Son of St. Patrick, the Italian, the Swiss, marched side by side, and one looked expectantly every moment for a contingent of Chinese. Leading such a heterogeneous mass, very properly came the American boys of New York's colleges—Columbia and New York—and the boys of the public schools. Noble, bright, and intelligent youths they are, and who shall say that among the thousands that marched on Wednesday there is not one who shall be a future President? Estimates vary as to the number in the parade. It was from 40,000 to 45,000. The excellent marching of the college-boys and school-children, and, better than that, their excellent deportment and manly bearing, made every one feel proud of our public schools. Starting at nine, the procession marched with sprightly step continuously until after four in the afternoon. Just before the head of the procession reached the Presidential stand on Madison Avenue, where the President and his party, with other distinguished visitors, viewed the parade on both days, the representatives of various interests in this city, embracing over 100 prominent persons, through Mayor Grant, presented President Harrison with a handsome silver box, containing an engrossed address of welcome and congratulation.

The striking feature of the industrial procession was the floats, and especially the floats representing German sentiment and industries. Sixty thousand dollars were spent by the German-American division on their floats and decorations, which were mainly designed by Mr. Joseph

marshaled by as handsome a man as rode in the procession, Chamberlain Croker, and it numbered 2,500, all in silk hats and in dark clothes, and looked like a very fine body of men. The remainder of the procession was made up of Knights of Pythias, four hundred Brooklyn policemen, Scandinavian-American societies, Sons of Veterans, Knights of Temperance, United Order of Foresters, Caledonians—who attracted as much attention as any in line—Polidars, Bohemians, and colored men. The last mentioned were noticeably favored with the applause of the crowd, and their fine appearance entitled them to it.

The President and his family were the guests of Vice-president Morton, at his handsome residence, opposite the JUDGE Building. The President left New York on Wednesday evening at five o'clock, and arrived at Washington the same night. Wherever he appeared along the line of the parade, he was received and welcomed by all as became a reception to the President of the United States. His dignified demeanor, his self-possession, and his courtly manners made a most agreeable impression upon the countless thousands who saw his face for the first time. In all, the Washington Inaugural Centennial was a noble conception, grandly carried out, and those who participated in it may well preserve this number of FRANK LESLIE'S, with its brief but complete record of the event, and its splendid pictures of its most interesting features, as a souvenir that will, as years roll by, become almost priceless in value.

INAUGURAL CENTENNIAL THOUGHTS.

WE print herewith some sentient paragraphs from the addresses, sermons, and responses to toasts during the recent Washington Centennial Inaugural Exercises in New York:

The growth of wealth, the prevalence of luxury, the massing of large material forces which, by their very existence, are a standing menace to the freedom and integrity of the individual, the infinite swagger of our American speech and

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the charity of God, and the communication of the Holy Spirit, be with you all. Amen. And may the blessing of God Almighty, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, descend on our beloved country, and abide with it forever.—*Archbishop Corrigan's Benediction at the Sub-treasury.*

The grand central idea of the Declaration of Independence was the sovereignty of the people.—*Mr. Depew's Address.*

Though the Confederation was a government of checks without balances, and of purpose without power, the statesmen who guided it demonstrated often the resistless force of great souls animated by the purest patriotism, and united in judgment and effort to promote the common good, by lofty appeals and high reasoning, to elevate the masses above local greed and apparent self-interest to their own broad plane.—*Mr. Depew's Address.*

Washington was never dramatic, but on great occasions he not only rose to the full ideal of the event, he became himself the event.—*Mr. Depew's Address.*

Order is Heaven's first law, and the mind of Washington was order. The Revolution defied God and derided the law. Washington devoutly revered the Deity and believed liberty impossible without law. He spoke to the sober judgment of the nation and made clear the danger.—*Mr. Depew's Address.*

No man ever stood so much to his country and to mankind as George Washington. Hamilton, Jefferson and Adams, Madison and Jay, each represented some of the elements which formed the Union. Washington embodied them all.—*Mr. Depew's Address.*

We stand to-day upon the dividing line between the first and second century of Constitutional Government. There are no clouds overhead and no convulsions under our feet. We reverently return thanks to Almighty God for the past, and with confident and hopeful promise march upon sure ground toward the future. The simple facts of these hundred years paralyze the

(Continued on page 227.)



A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT OF THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.—GIRLS FROM THE NORMAL COLLEGE STREWING FLOWERS IN THE PATH OF PRESIDENT HARRISON AT THE ENTRANCE OF CITY HALL.—DRAWN BY MISS G. A. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 230.]



THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.—SCENE AT THE EQUITABLE BUILDING, ON BROADWAY, AT THE MOMENT PRESIDENT HARRISON AND ESCORT ENTERED ITS PORTALS.—FROM A SKETCH BY BUNNELL.—[SEE PAGE 230.]

"JUDGE'S" NEW HOME.

HAPPY little JUDGE now peers through his glasses from the windows of his beautiful new building on Fifth Avenue. The transfer of the sprightly comic weekly from the Potter Building to its new quarters was made without the blare of trumpets or the beating of drums. JUDGE doesn't advertise in that way. FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, which was recently purchased by Messrs. W. J. Arkell and Russell B. Harrison, has also been removed from its old home to the new one on Fifth Avenue. In a house of their own, with no landlords to fight, JUDGE and FRANK LESLIE's ought to achieve even greater fame and fortune, if such a thing were possible.—*N. Y. Evening Telegram.*

It will be unnecessary to call attention to the handsome advertisement of Decker Brothers (Union Square), which appears on the back cover of the present issue. Its position is so prominent, and its composition so artistic, that it will be an object of interest to all our readers. It is what we should expect from this concern, occupying the high position which they have maintained for years by careful and just dealing. Good goods at reasonable prices has characterized this firm's successful career. They stand unquestionably to-day in the front ranks of the high-class piano-manufacturers of the country.

HE EXPECTS TO.

THAT sprightly though partisan comic weekly, JUDGE, has accomplished the transfer of its lares and penates and other bric-a-brac from the Potter Building to its new structure on Fifth Avenue. MR. WILLIAM J. ARKELL is to be congratulated upon his present prospects as proprietor of the JUDGE and FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. With a handsome and commodious building in which to carry on his journalistic ventures, he is certain to achieve even greater triumphs than have already crowned his energy and ability.—*N. Y. World, April 27th.*

HANDSOME IS AS HANDSOME DOES.

EDITOR ARKELL'S JUDGE has taken up his quarters in his splendid new court-house on Fifth Avenue, and FRANK LESLIE's, which was lately bought by Mr. Arkell, will also be issued from the same building. Handsome is that handsome does, and the justice which the JUDGE will hereafter deal out from his Fifth Avenue temple will no doubt be worthy of the building itself, which is an architectural ornament to a street that contains some of the finest buildings in the city.—*New York Star.*

FREDERICK T. ROBERTS, M. D., Examiner in Medicine in the Royal College of Surgeons, London, England, in speaking of Bright's disease, says:

"Death is usually hastened by uric-acid poisoning, serous inflammation, bronchitis, pneumonia, dropsy, or by apoplexy." Warner's Safe Cure is a guarantee against fatality from these terrible maladies, because it cures the cause (diseased kidneys), and puts the kidneys in a healthy condition, enabling them to expel the poison or waste matter from the system.

SENATOR DON CAMERON has gone to Europe for the benefit of his health.

A CONVINCING QUINTETTE.

We want to make several statements in regard to Compound Oxygen, but are restrained by limits of time and space.

In other words, you have not the time and we lack the space, so we stand aside for our patients. Observe what they say of us:

Mrs. S. M. Anthony, in reply to query in the *House-keeper*, of Minneapolis, Minn., issue of July 13, 1888:

"Mrs. W. E. Eddy: I have used Compound Oxygen several years for lung trouble. I believe it will cure consumption if taken in time."
—Durhamville, Tenn. Mrs. S. M. ANTHONY."

"To make a long story short, my health was fully restored."
REV. VICTOR L. CONRAD,
Editor of *Lutheran Observer*."

"ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 11, 1884.
"I began the use of Compound Oxygen, and have much reason to be grateful for it."
—REV. CHAR. W. CUSHING."

"Thanking you for renewed health, strength, and the hope of years of comfortable life, I remain your grateful friend,
HON. WM. D. KELLEY."

"CHICAGO, Ill., April 24, 1886.
"You ask my opinion of Compound Oxygen. Perseveringly and continuously used, it will work wonders."
—WILLIAM PENN NIXON."

We publish a brochure of 200 pages regarding the effect of Compound Oxygen on invalids suffering from consumption, asthma, bronchitis, dyspepsia, catarrh, hay fever, headache, debility, rheumatism, neuralgia, all chronic and nervous disorders. It will be sent, free of charge, to any one addressing DR. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.; or 120 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Angostura Bitters are the best remedy for removing indigestion. Sold by druggists.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.
Twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.



How to Cure
Skin & Scalp
DISEASES
with the
CUTICURA
REMEDIES.

THE MOST DISTRESSING FORMS OF SKIN and scalp diseases, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are speedily, economically and permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, when all other remedial methods fail.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."
Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Relief in one minute, for all pains and weaknesses, in CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain killing plaster. 25c.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL

AND HYPOPHOSPHITES

Almost as Palatable as Milk.

Containing the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites combined with the Fattening and Strengthening qualities of Cod Liver Oil, the potency of both being largely increased.

A Remedy for Consumption.
For Wasting in Children.
For Scrofulous Affections.
For Anæmia and Debility.
For Coughs, Colds & Throat Affections.

In fact, ALL diseases where there is an inflammation of the Throat and Lungs, a WASTING OF THE FLESH, and a WANT OF NERVE POWER, nothing in the world equals this palatable Emulsion.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Darlington,
Runk & Co.

THE CAMARGO CORSET

Faultless in Shape,
Perfection in Finish,
Highest in Quality.

Eight models and a special shape for Riding, made of the finest French Coutil and also Satin.

The sale in the United States is confined to our Firm

1126 & 1128 Chestnut St.
Philadelphia

TAMAR
INDIEN
GRILLON

A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them.
E. GRILLON,
27, Rue Rambuteau, Paris.
Sold by all Druggists.

Golden Hair Wash.

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world, \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

For the Teeth.
A Toilet Luxury.
HAMIZU
25 & 50 CENT BOTTLES.
Ask for it.

WILBUR'S
COCOA-
THETA

The finest Powdered Chocolate for family use. Requires no boiling. Invaluable for Dyspeptics and Children. Buy of your dealer, or send (in stamps) for trial can. H. O. WILBUR & SONS, Philadelphia.

WEIS & CO.,
First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873.
Successors to C. Weis, Mfrs of Meerschaum Pipes, Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale and retail. Repairing done. Circular free. 339 E. WAT. N. Y. Factories, 60 Walker St. and Vienna, Austria. Sterling silver-mat'd pipes, etc., made in new designs.

Visitors to Europe.

TIFFANY & CO.,

Union Square, New York.

Suggest to visitors to the International Exposition that they will find one of the interesting attractions of Paris a visit to their establishment,

36 bis AVENUE de l'OPERA,

Where can be seen probably the largest, most valuable and comprehensive collection of Precious Stones and rich Jewelry for sale in Europe.

In addition to the advantage of so large a stock to select from, purchasers have the security of the full endorsement guarantees and privileges given by the New York House.

SILK DEPARTMENT.

We have just made one purchase of 35,000 yards of Plain Colored Silks, 19 inches wide, in 40 different shades. The entire lot will be exhibited for sale, during Centennial Week, in our Retail Silk Department. The price will be 65 cents per yard; the goods are fully worth 95 cents.

We know of no occasion, when so large a quantity and so excellent a quality of Colored Silks has been placed on sale, at retail, in New York City, for so little money.

JAMES McCREERY & CO.,

Broadway and 11th St.

Medals of Superiority Awarded.

HOLES

BORED WITH A AUGER BIT

American Inst. Fair, N. Y., 1883, 1886, 1887, 1888.

The Forstner Bit can be guided in any direction, regardless of grain or knots, leaving a true polished surface. For boring Smooth, Round, Oval and Square Holes. Mortising, Scallop and Screen Work, etc., Thousands are being sold. Send \$3.25 for set (3 1/2 to 11-8), a fine cloth case; or 55 cts for sample Bit and block showing the work. Mailed free. THE BRIDGEPORT GUN IMPLEMENT CO., 19 1/2 Maiden Lane, New York.



A WOMAN'S DESPAIR.

"Death would be preferable to this awful, dragging-down sensation and aching back," despairingly complained a suffering mother. "And the worst of it is," she added, "there seems no cure for it." "You are mistaken," replied the sympathizing neighbor to whom the sufferer complained. "I suffered for years just as you do, and found no relief till my physician finally prescribed Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which cured me, and I have ever since been well, and the wealth of India would not induce me to be without the remedy, if a like affliction should return." "Favorite Prescription" is the world-famed invigorating tonic and soothing nervine especially designed for women. "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrappers, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Copyrighted, 1888, by WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors.

THE ORIGINAL
Pierce's
Pleasant
LITTLE LIVER PILLS
Purely Vegetable and Perfectly Harmless.
Unequaled as a Liver Pill. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. One tiny, Sugar-coated Pellet a Dose. Cure Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels. 25 cents, by druggists.

Sick Headache

It is a complaint from which many suffer and few are entirely free. Its cause is indigestion and a sluggish liver, the cure for which is readily found in the use of Ayer's Pills.

"I have found that for sick headache, caused by a disordered condition of the stomach, Ayer's Pills are the most reliable remedy."—Samuel C. Bradburn, Worthington, Mass.

"After the use of Ayer's Pills for many years, in my practice and family, I am justified in saying that they are an excellent cathartic and liver medicine—sustaining all the claims made for them."—W. A. Westfall, M. D., V. P. Austin & N. W. Railway Co., Burnet, Texas.

"Ayer's Pills are the best medicine known to me for regulating the bowels, and for all diseases caused by a disordered stomach and liver. I suffered for over three years from headache, indigestion, and constipation. I had no appetite and was weak and nervous most of the time. By using three boxes of Ayer's Pills, and at the same time dieting myself, I was completely cured."—Philip Lockwood, Topeka, Kansas.

"I was troubled for years with indigestion, constipation, and headache. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills, used in small daily doses, restored me to health. They are prompt and effective."—W. H. Strout, Meadville, Pa.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

AMERICAN CYCLES
ALL STYLES & PRICES
64 PAGE ILLUSTRATED
CATALOGUE
ON APPLICATION
CORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG CO
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.



ANY person writing good hand send 2c. stamp for good news to 721 Broad St., Newark, N. J.


PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents Dandruff and hair falling. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.



\$230 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

OPIUM Morphine and Whisky Habits painlessly cured. Treatment sent on trial free. Confidentially address H. L. KRAMER, Sec., Box 50 Lafayette, Ind.

RUPTURE
Positively cured in 60 days by Dr. Horne's Electro-Magnetic Belt-Truss, combined. Guaranteed the only one in the world generating continuous Electric & Magnetic current. Scientific, Powerful, Durable, Comfortable and Effective. Avoid frauds. Over 9,000 cured. Send Stamp for pamphlet. **ALSO ELECTRIC BELTS FOR DISEASES.**
DR. HORNE, INVENTOR, 191 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO.



IMPROVED OIL-LIGHT MAGIC LANTERNS
Lime and Electric Light Apparatus, and Mechanical, Plain and Fine Colored Views.
J. B. COLT & CO., Manufacturers
No. 16 Beekman St., New York.

FREE \$45 Solid Gold Watch Sold for \$1.00 until lately. Best \$45 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted. Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases. Elegant and magnificent. Both ladies' and gents' sizes, with works and cases of equal value. **One Person** in each locality can secure one free. How is this possible? We answer—we want one person in each locality, to keep in their homes, and show to those who call, a complete line of our valuable samples free, as the showing of the samples in any locality, always results in a large trade for us; after our samples have been in a locality for a month or two we usually get from \$1,000 to \$5,000 in trade from the surrounding country. This, the most wonderful offer ever known, is made in order that our samples may be placed at once where they can be seen, all over America. Write at once, and make sure of the chance. Reader, it will be hardly any trouble for you to show the samples to those who may call at your home and your reward will be most satisfactory. A postal card on which to write us costs but 1 cent and after you know all, if you do not care to go further, why no harm is done. But if you do send your address at once, you can secure free one of the best solid gold watches in the world and our large line of Costly Samples. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address **George Stinson & Co., Box 106, Portland, Maine**



unable and very useful Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, we send free, and after you have kept them in your home for 2 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property; it is possible to make this great offer, sending the Solid Gold watch and Costly samples free, as the showing of the samples in any locality, always results in a large trade for us; after our samples have been in a locality for a month or two we usually get from \$1,000 to \$5,000 in trade from the surrounding country. This, the most wonderful offer ever known, is made in order that our samples may be placed at once where they can be seen, all over America. Write at once, and make sure of the chance. Reader, it will be hardly any trouble for you to show the samples to those who may call at your home and your reward will be most satisfactory. A postal card on which to write us costs but 1 cent and after you know all, if you do not care to go further, why no harm is done. But if you do send your address at once, you can secure free one of the best solid gold watches in the world and our large line of Costly Samples. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address **George Stinson & Co., Box 106, Portland, Maine**

Nervous, Tired Women Now Cured by Food.
Nervous exhaustion is now known to come from malnutrition of the nerves. A noted scientist has discovered that if the albumen which feeds the nerves is not fully digested to the consistency of water, it cannot be absorbed by them; hence their starvation and exhaustion. They are therefore nourished only in proportion to the ability of the stomach to prepare their food, which is the most difficult to digest of all the foods. Not one stomach in five can prepare a sufficient quantity for the overworked. Hitherto artificial digestion has only been able to but partially do its work for the coarser circulatory vessels. Three years ago this deficiency was overcome in the manufacture of the Moxie Nerve Food, which has shown before the U. S. Courts many old cases of helpless paralysis and nervous wrecks recovered by it. It helps the nervous, tired and overworked in a few hours, leaving no reaction.
50c. a qt. bottle. 60 University Place, N. Y.

28 DRAWINGS ANNUALLY

Without any loss, on Five of the Best European Premium Government Bonds. \$5.00 will secure these splendid chances for you.

GRAND PRIZES OF \$1,000,000, \$500,000, \$250,000, \$100,000, Etc., Etc. FIVE DRAWINGS IN MAY, 1889.

These Bonds are sold in accordance with the laws of the United States, and are not regarded as a lottery scheme by United States Courts. Every Bond must be redeemed with the Full Nominal Value, or draw a Premium.

Send \$5.00 as first payment on these Bonds, to take part in next drawing to

E. H. HORNER, Banker.
86 and 88 Wall Street, New York.
BRANCH OFFICES:
66 State Street, Boston, Mass.
220 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

ARCHER'S BARBER CHAIR NO. 13.
Gynecological, Dental and Barber Chairs. Piano and Store Stools. Six (6) new styles of Barber Chairs out May 1st. Send for catalogue. **ARCHER MFG. CO.,** Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.



LADY Agents \$10 a day SURE; new rubber undergarment. Mrs. H. F. LITTLE, Chicago, Ill.

WE WANT A RELIABLE PERSON IN YOUR COUNTRY
to superintend the putting up of signs and tacking up of large show cards and advertisements of our goods in all public places, on trees, fences and turnpikes in town and country. **Wages, \$2.50 per day,** steady work for one or two years, at home or to travel through two or more adjoining counties, in town and country, working from four to six days per week, **local work for all or part of the time.** Money advanced for wages, expenses, etc. **No talking required.** Address, enclosing two-cent stamp for reply, **J. C. EMORY & CO.,** Palace Building, Cincinnati, Ohio. No attention paid to postal cards.

Active men can make from \$5 to \$10 a day selling
The Self-lighting Pocket Lamp
Recommends itself; sells at sight; guaranteed to all purchasers.

A perfect, instantaneous, self-lighting lamp of convenient size for the vest pocket, and for home uses, superior to matches; match receptacle and candle, embracing all in one, with greater safety. A perfect light for carrying about the house and entirely removing the dangerous use of matches. To a cigar and cigarette smoker, and others in the habit of carrying matches, the self-lighting Pocket Lamp is indispensable. The self-lighting Pocket Lamp is made of brass, highly finished and nickel-plated, and warranted to work. The turning of a screw gives you a light as long as needed. In order to place the Self-lighting Pocket Lamp within the reach of all, it is offered for the moderate price of 50 cents, including 200 extra lights, put up in a finely finished brass case. Price-list Self-lighting Lamp, including 225 lights each, retail, 50 cts.; per doz., \$3.50; per gross, \$36. Additional lighting-strips are put up in 1,000 lights in box, 3 doz. boxes in package. Single box, 1,000 lights, 10 cts.; per doz. boxes, 75 cts.; per gross, \$7. Special discount on large orders furnished on application to
William Maybaum & Co.,
Patentees and Sole Manufacturers, Knickerbocker Building, 6th & Arch Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.
Our goods cannot be sent by mail, but will be sent by express on receipt of above price, cash with order, bank draft or post-office order.



For Window Shades Use

SUN-FAST ROCKSONIA HOLLANDS

By new process of dyeing all colors are made and warranted positively sun-fast. Made in all new and desirable colorings, from 30 to 72 inches in width. Ask your dealer for them. If he does not keep them, write to us, mentioning this paper, and we will mail you **FREE**, a tape measure (handy in every household), together with a sample book, showing quality, etc.
H. B. WIGGIN'S SONS,
124 Clinton Place, New York.

DON'T WEAR FALSE BANGS
unless they are made of natural curly hair. We have them from \$2.00 up. Our bangs keep in shape simply by combing. New Illustrated Catalogue of latest styles free. Goods sent by mail everywhere.

S. C. BECK,
Manufacturer of Hair Goods,
36 N. EIGHTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

AGENTS Wanted. \$1 an hour. 50 new articles Ctg. & sample free. C. E. Marshall, Lockport, N. Y.

JUST WHAT YOU REQUIRE!

DENTAL PENCIL

NEW TOILET ARTICLE

For removing all Tartar, Stains and Scurf from the Teeth, thus completely arresting the progress of decay. For whitening and polishing the Teeth it has no equal. Positive in effect, safe and convenient. Sent by mail on receipt of price, 25 cents. Money refunded if not entirely satisfactory. Agents wanted. Ladies and gentlemen. **H. L. FESLER & CO.,** MANUFACTURERS & PROPRIETORS, 464 Broome Street, New York.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

ENOE'S CHARCOAL DOTLETS.

The most elegant, cleanly and agreeable Willow Charcoal preparation known. Free from all grit and dust, palatable as confections, and do not soil mouth or fingers. The best known remedy for Acid Stomach, Offensive Breath, Flatulency and Indigestion. For sale by all druggists, or mailed free for 25c. by **RULON & CRAWLEY,** General Agents, 22 Vesey St., New York.

\$5 to \$8 a day. Samples worth \$2.15 FREE. Lines not under horses' feet. Write **Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co.,** Holly, Mich.

MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD
BALL-POINTED PENS
The Ball-Pointed Pens never scratch nor spurt; they hold more ink and last longer.
Price \$1.20 and \$1.50 per gross.
Buy an assorted box for 25 cents, and choose a pen to suit your hand.
The "Federation" Holders not only prevent the pen from blotting, but give a firm grip.
Price 5, 15 and 20 cents. Of all stationers.

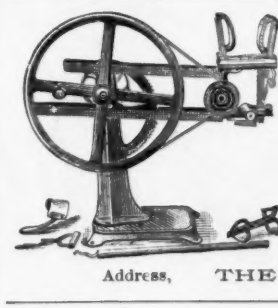


ORMISTON & GLASS
EDINBURGH

Pianos STECK Pianos

Most reliable for Fine Tone, Finish, and Absolute Durability.
Warerooms: **STECK HALL, 11 E. 14th STREET, NEW YORK.**

GEO. H. TAYLOR, M.D., Originator and Consulting Physician.
G. H. PATCHEN, M.D., Resident Physician and Director.
THE IMPROVED MOVEMENT CURE,
71 EAST 50TH STREET, NEW YORK.
It is a mistake to suppose that remedies imply drugs, and drugs only. There are many valuable remedial agents not found in Materia Medica. One of the most important of these is **Mechanical Massage**—Massage by machinery operated by steam-power—the invention of Dr. Geo. H. Taylor, of New York. **THE IMPROVED MOVEMENT CURE** represents all of Dr. Taylor's remedial methods, and makes a specialty of the application of Mechanical Massage under his personal supervision. All Pelvic and Nervous disorders and diseases of the Digestive and Circulatory systems are especially amenable to treatment as here given. Explanatory literature sent to any address. Correspondence and personal inspection solicited.
71 East 50th Street, New York.



The Best 10c. Straight Domestic Cigar
MADE IN
"The Imperial."

\$9 per hundred in boxes of 25.
\$2.25 per box.
Sent anywhere in the United States upon receipt of cash.
DALTON & MAHN,
11th and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia.




THE ETRUSCAN!

A great invention! New, simple, and wonderfully popular! Makes the most delicious coffee! Acknowledged to be the best coffee pots and urns in the world! All sizes manufactured of tin and metal! Agents are coin-ing money! Solicitors wanted in every part of the world!



THE ETRUSCAN COFFEE POT CO.
23 North 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

BARRY'S ESTABLISHED 1801
Tricopherous
FOR THE HAIR
The Oldest and the Best.
Prevents the hair from falling off, eradicates scurf, dandruff, etc. Keeps it in the most beautiful condition, and is warranted to cause new hair to grow on bald places.
BARCLAY & CO., 44 Stone St., New York City.



7% First Mortgage Loans
On Helena property. Loans made on best security. Helena has now a population of 20,000, and property is steadily advancing. Lots in desirable subdivisions for sale. \$200 and upward, according to location. We sell property and make loans only on a conservative basis. References: any Bank in Helena. Correspondence solicited. Address **JNO. S. M. NEILL, HELENA, MONTANA.**

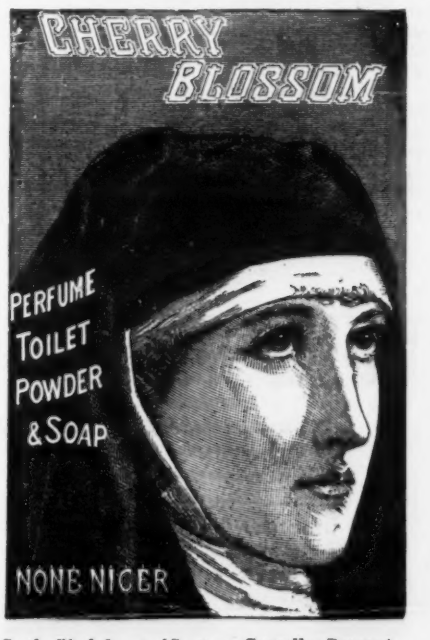
BABY CARRIAGES
100 styles. Automatic Brake on all, free. Adjustable, Reclining and Invalid Wheel Chairs. Factory Prices. Send stamp for Catalogue. (Name goods desired)
LUBURG MFG. CO., 145 N. 9th St., Phila.



SOMETHING NEW.
Duet Piano Stools.
Are superior to any ever invented. Also, all kinds of Piano Stools, Music Cabinets, Piano Covers and Scarfs. Popular prices. Catalogues on application. **F. NEPPERT, Manuf'r,** 890 Canal St., near West B'way. Established 1848.



CHERRY BLOSSOM
PERFUME
TOILET
POWDER
& SOAP
NONE NICER



In the High Court of Justice.—Gosnell v. Durrant.—On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell & Co.'s Registered Trade Mark **CHERRY BLOSSOM.**

BEATTY ORGANS For \$37.50 worth \$75
\$400.00 Organs only \$200.00
\$1200.00 Pianos for \$600.00
Other Bargains, write for catalogue. Address
DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey

A MODEL \$1,000 COTTAGEBY
R. W. SHOPPELL, ARCHITECT.Also Model House Designs of other
SIZES and COSTS. The most help-
ful aids ever devised for
intending builders.

A large view (showing details), also large floor plans and a full description of the above design, and of 24 other designs, each of which can be built for \$1,000, all beautifully printed on plate paper and enclosed in a handsome cloth portfolio, will be sent by express, prepaid, on receipt of \$2. I have, also, the following:

Portfolio of \$1,500 Houses,	25 designs, Price
" " 2,000 "	" 25 "
" " 2,500 "	" 25 "
" " 3,000 "	" 25 "
" " 3,500 "	" 25 "
" " 4,000 "	" 25 "
" " 4,500 "	" 25 "
" " 5,000 "	" 25 "
" " 6,000 "	" 25 "
" " 7,500 "	" 25 "
" " 10,000 "	" 25 "
" " Stables,	16 "

Any 3 of the above Portfolios for \$5; any 7 for \$10; the complete set (12) for \$15. Pamphlet of specimen pages, 25c. Address R. W. Shoppell, 63 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper.

OSCILLATION OF HIGH STRUCTURES.

THE *Manufacturer* says: "Oscillation of high structures in storm-winds is a much-observed fact, and has been the cause of many failures in high chimneys by collapse or permanent set out of plumb by excessive pressure from the rocking motion set up in gales of wind. Tall church-steeple built of stone are known to have a nerve-disturbing motion with persons who have a curiosity to venture high up in them during high winds. Chimneys partake of this motion in a degree proportionate to the stability of their design, and in the proportion of diameter to height. Observations of the movement of a chimney near Marseilles, France, 115 feet in height, and only 4 feet outside diameter at the top, showed a maximum oscillation of 20 inches during a severe gale. Another chimney near Vienna, Austria, 164 feet high, of good proportions, having a 6½ feet flue, was found to oscillate 6½ inches during the severest storms."

FUN.

A SUIT of black is a sort of dress-rehearsal for a funeral.

CREAM is made better by being whipped, but that does not make it sweeter.

A MATHEMATICIAN has figured that a man fifty years old has spent three years in buttoning his collar. But he neglects to state that the same man has spent thirty-nine years in hunting for his collar-button.

THE RIGHT ROUTE.—*Matron*: "The road to a man's heart, my dear, lies through his stomach; the moral of which is, learn to cook." *Daughter*: "In other words, mother, the way to learn to mash men is by first learning to mash potatoes."—*Lowell Citizen*.

THE *Constitution* says that a negro who was giving evidence in a Georgia court was reminded by the judge that he was to tell the whole truth. "Well, yer see, boss," said the dusky witness, "I've skeered to tell the whole truth for fear I might tell a lie."—*Detroit Free Press*.

An English writer says the American girl "puts on too many airs." No wonder! An American girl with an accordion skirt, bugle trimming, fluted what-you-call-it, and a couple of strings to her beau, may not be musically inclined, but she can hardly help putting on airs."—*Warristown Herald*.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

**For Bilious and Nervous Disorders,**

SUCH AS

Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fulness, and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c.

THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES.

THIS IS NO FICTION.

Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be a Wonderful Medicine.

"Worth a Guinea a Box."

BEECHAM'S PILLS,

taken as directed will quickly restore females to complete health. For a

Weak Stomach; Impaired Digestion; Disordered Liver;

THEY ACT LIKE MAGIC.

A few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; Strengthening the muscular System; restoring long-lost Complexion; bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the

ROSEBUD OF HEALTH

the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society; and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that Beecham's Pills have the Largest sale of any Patent Medicine in the World. Full directions with each Box.

PREPARED ONLY BY

THOS. BEECHAM,
St. Helens, Lancashire, England.

Sold by Druggists generally, or will be mailed on receipt of Price, 25 cents a Box.

B. F. ALLEN & CO.,
365 and 367 CANAL STREET, NEW YORK,
Sole Agents for the United States.

In ordering Beecham's Pills, mention "Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper."

THE GREAT
ENGLISH

**MEDICINE**

Proverbially acknowledged
to be
"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX,"

But

Sold by all Druggists

at

25c. a Box**25c. a Box****25c. a Box****25c. a Box****25c. a Box****25c. a Box****25c. a Box****25c. a Box****25c. a Box****25c. a Box****25c. a Box****25c. a Box****25c. a Box****25c. a Box****25c. a Box**

PURE WINES AND LIQUORS.

Price per Case of 12 Large Bottles, 5 to a Gallon.

PORT WINE, NO. 1	\$4.00
PORT WINE, NO. 2	5.00
DURAND PORT	6.00
SHERRY WINE, NO. 1	4.00
SHERRY WINE, NO. 2	5.00
DAVIES SHERRY	6.00
SWEET CATAWBA WINE	4.00
ANGELICA WINE	4.00
ANGELICA, OLD	5.00
SWEET MUSCATELL	4.00
SWEET MUSCATELL, OLD	5.00
BLACKBERRY BRANDY, NO. 3	4.00
BLACKBERRY BRANDY, NO. 4	5.00
BLACKBERRY BRANDY, OLD	6.00
BLACKBERRY BRANDY, VERY OLD	8.00
CIDER BRANDY	\$5, \$6, 8.00

RYE WHISKEY, NO. 3	\$4.00
RYE WHISKEY, NO. 4	5.00
SHERWOOD RYE	6.00
GOLDEN WEDDING RYE	7.50
DOUGHERTY RYE	10.00
HERMITAGE RYE	11.00
BOURBON WHISKEY, NO. 3	4.00
BOURBON WHISKEY, NO. 4	5.00
BOURBON WHISKEY, NO. 6	6.00
MEGIBBIN'S BOURBON	8.00
OLD CROW BOURBON	12.00
HOLLAND GIN, NO. 3	4.00
HOLLAND GIN, NO. 4	5.00
RYE MALT GIN	6.00
JAMAICA RUMS	\$5, \$6, 8 and 10.00
SCOTCH WHISKEY	\$5, \$6, 8 and 10.00

We will pack an assortment of Wines and Liquors in Case, if so desired, without extra charge. Half Case, containing six bottles, at one-half the price of full case. Persons wishing goods sent C. O. D. must remit \$1 with order to insure good faith. All goods packed in plain boxes and shipped to any part of the United States. Complete price-list free. Beautiful engraved calendar for 1889, size 14 x 22, 10 cents, post-paid.

J. C. CHILDS & CO., 346 Eighth Ave., New York City.



TRADE MARK, REGISTERED.

Ask your Druggists for
DR. HARDING'S
CELEBRATED
CATARRH CURE.
SURE CURE FOR CATARRH, COLDS IN THE
HEAD, CATARRHAL HEADACHES, AND
HAY FEVER.
Price, \$1.

The J. M. Harding M'fg Co.,
7 WEST 14TH ST., NEW YORK CITY.

A TREATISE ON CATARRH SENT UPON APPLICATION.

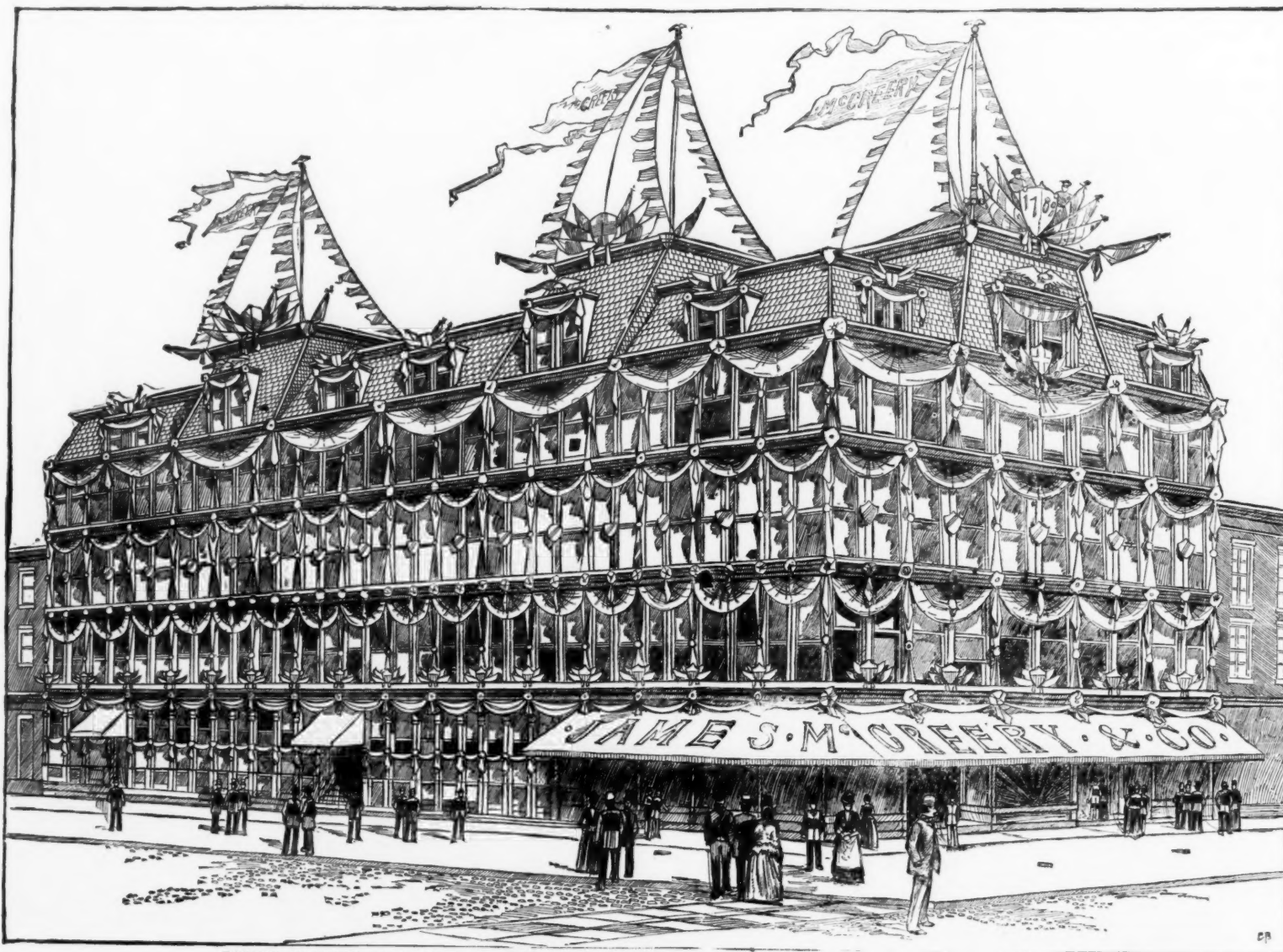
1,438 RESPONSES ALREADY!

WE ask every reader of the
JUDGE to send 10c. for a
SUSACUAC SPOOL-HOLDER,
as it is an indispensable conven-
ience to everybody.

THE BOOK ANTIQUARY, Easton, Pa.

\$525.00 PER MONTH and a \$3.50 Outfit
Free to Agents and
Canvassers.—The biggest thing on
earth and a chance of a lifetime. Our new enlarged
Electro Portraits are the finest in the world. Address,
W. H. CHIDESTER & SON, 28 Bond St., N. Y.

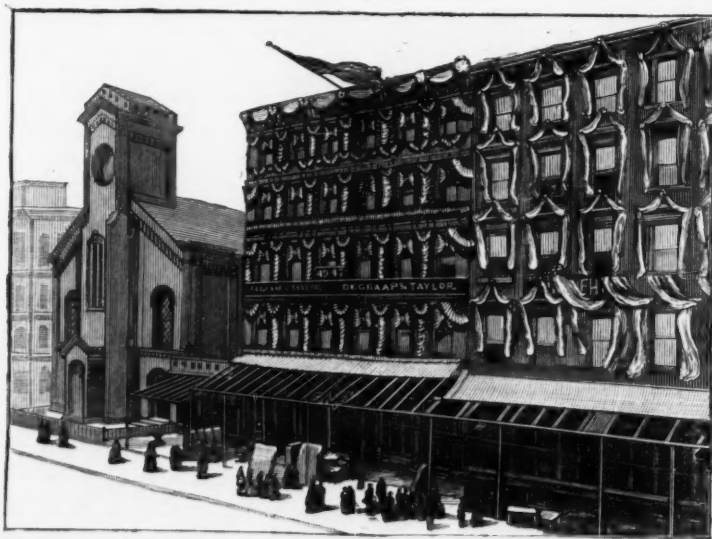




JAMES MCCREERY & CO., DRY GOODS, BROADWAY AND ELEVENTH STREET.—(SEE PAGE 250.)



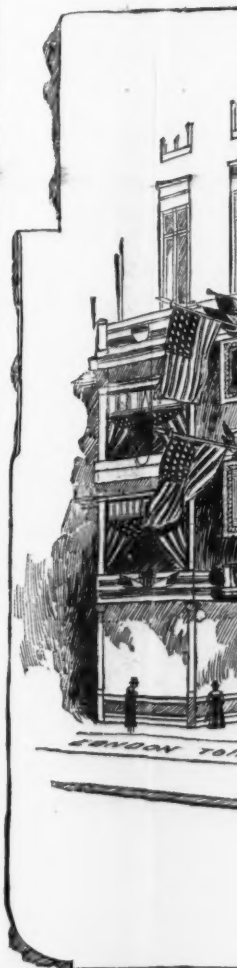
BLOOMINGDALE BRO



DEGRAAF & TALYOR CO., FURNITURE, 47 & 49 W. FOURTEENTH ST.
(SEE PAGE 250.)



TRAVELERS' EXCHANGE AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, 30 UNION SQUARE.
[SEE PAGE 250.]

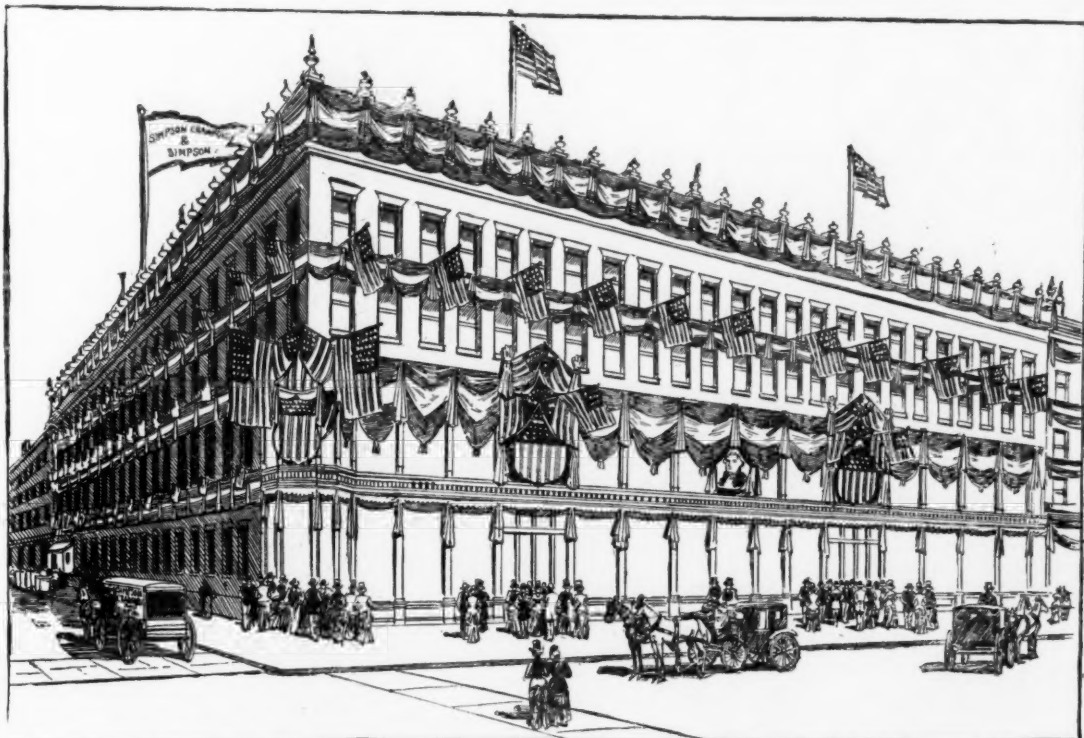


LONDON





G. & J. B. G. BROS., DRY GOODS, THIRD AVE. & FIFTY-NINTH ST.
(SEE PAGE 250.)



SIMPSON, CRAWFORD & SIMPSON, DRY GOODS, SIXTH AVE. & NINETEENTH ST.—(SEE PAGE 250.)

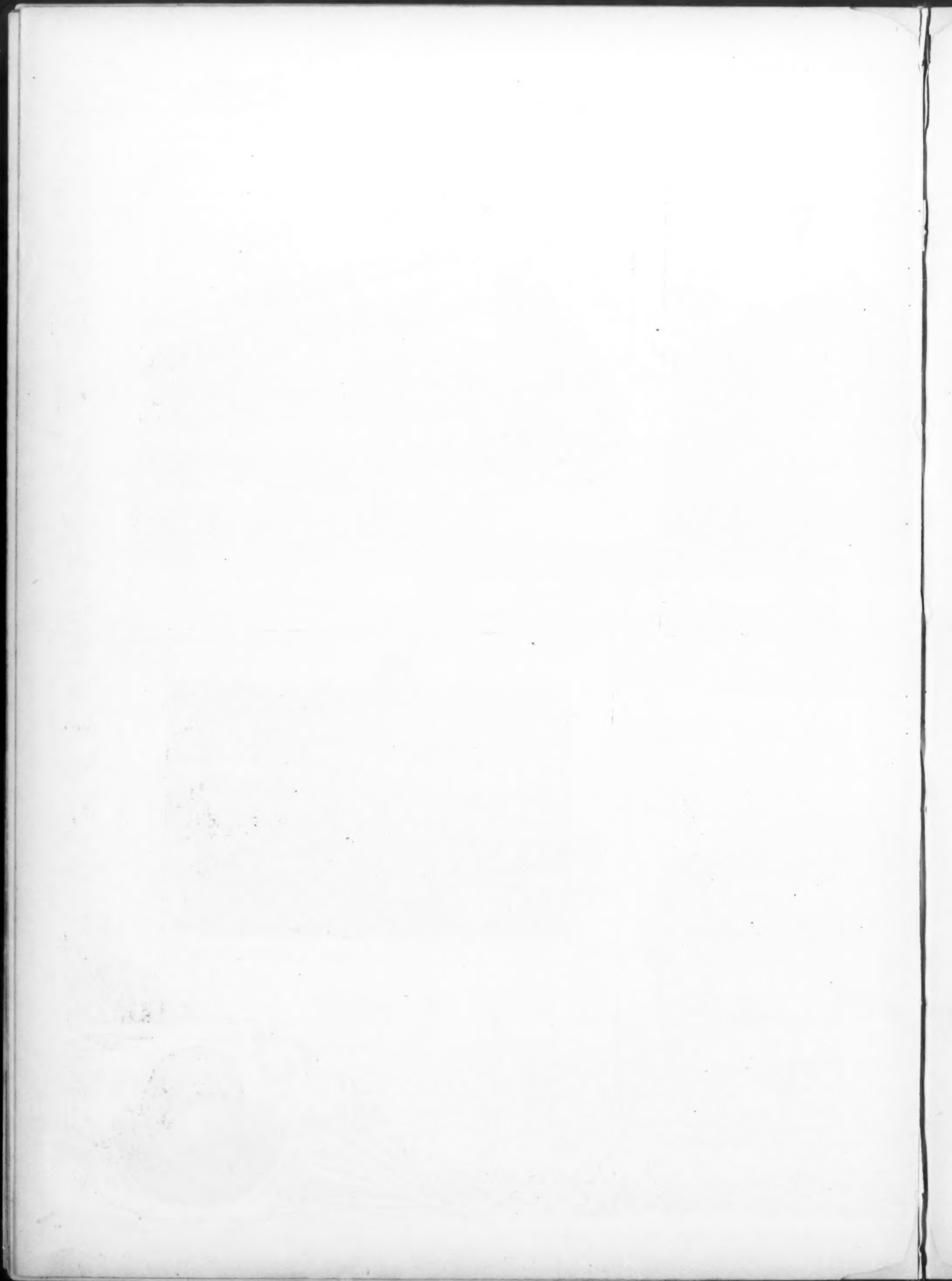


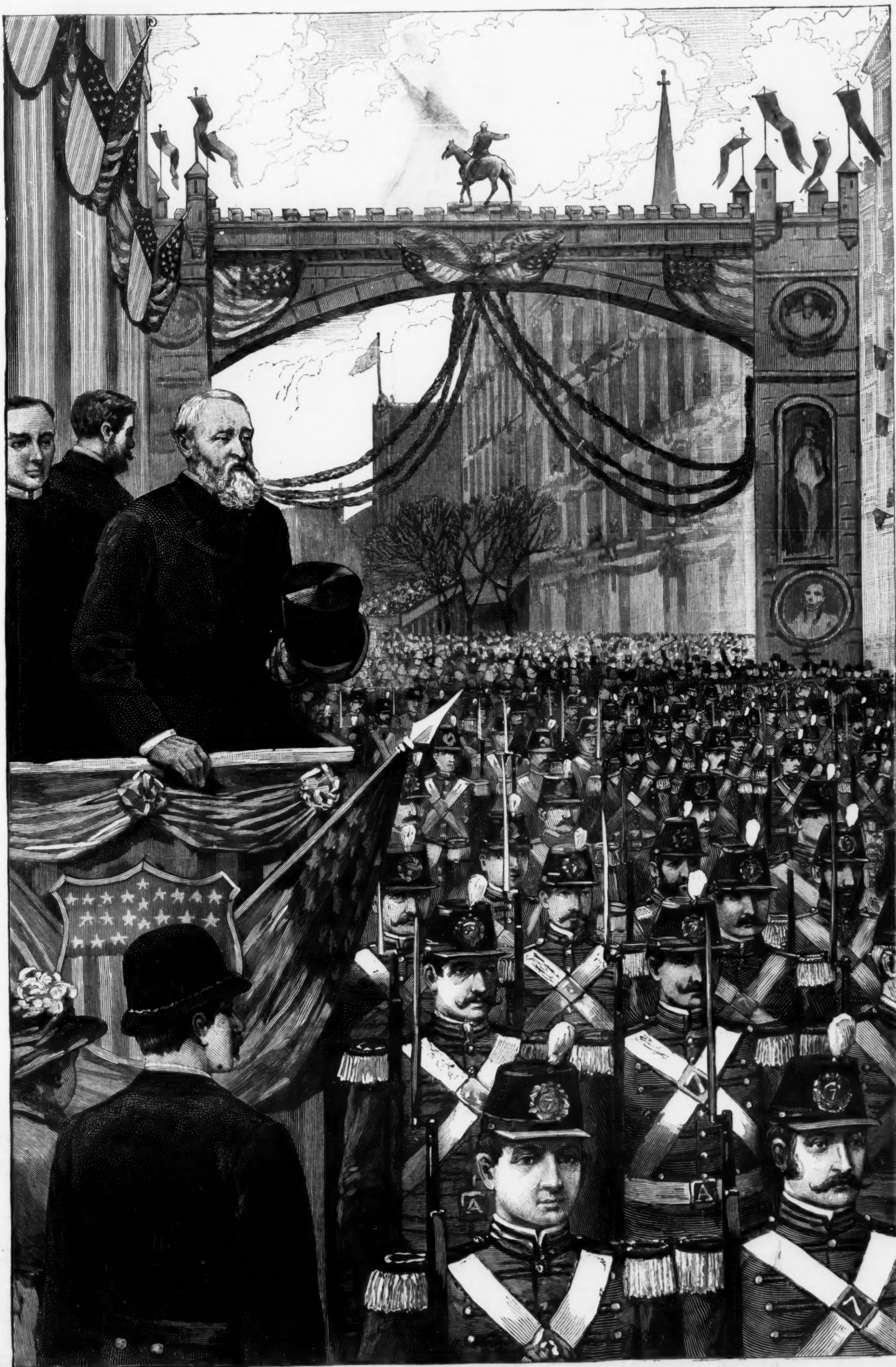
LONDON TOILET BAZAR, 41 UNION SQUARE.
[SEE PAGE 250.]



WECHSLER & ABRAHAM, DRY GOODS, FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN.—(SEE PAGE 250)







THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.—SCENE AT THE REVIEWING-STAND ON MADISON SQUARE—THE PRESIDENT SALUTING THE PROCESSION.
FROM A PHOTO.—[SEE PAGE 230.]

MR. WHITTIER'S CENTENNIAL ODE.

THE VOW OF WASHINGTON.

THE sword was sheathed, in April's sun
Lay green the fields by Freedom won.
And severed sections, weary of debates,
Joined hands at last and were United States.

O City sitting by the Sea!
How proud the day that dawned on thee,
When the new era, long desired, began,
And, in its need, the hour had found the man!

One thought the cannon-salvos spoke,
The resonant bell-tower's vibrant stroke,
The voiceful streets, the plaudits-echoing halls,
And prayer and hymn borne heavenward from
St. Paul's!

How felt the land in every part
The song-throb of a nation's heart,
As its great leader gave, with reverent awe,
His pledge to Union, Liberty, and Law!

That pledge the heavens above him heard,
That vow the sleep of centuries stirred;
In world-wide wonder listening peoples bent
Their gaze on Freedom's great experiment.

Could it succeed? Of honor sold
And hopes deceived all history told.
Above the wrecks that strewed the mournful
past,
Was the long dream of ages true at last?

Thank God! the people's choice was just,
The one man equal to his trust,
Wise beyond law, and without weakness good,
Calm in the strength of flawless rectitude!

His rule of justice, order, peace,
Made possible the world's release;
Taught prince and serf that power is but a
trust,
And rule alone which serves the ruled is just;

That Freedom generous is, but strong
In hate of fraud and selfish wrong;
Pretense that turns her holy truth to lies,
And lawless license masking in her guise.

Land of his love! with one glad voice
Let thy great sisterhood rejoice;
A century's suns o'er thee have risen and set,
And, God be praised, we are one nation yet.

And still, we trust, the years to be
Shall prove his hope was destiny,
Leaving our flag, with all its added stars,
Unrent by faction and unstained by wars!

Lo! where with patient toil he nursed
And trained the new-set plant at first,
The widening branches of a stately tree
Stretch from the sunrise to the sunset sea.

And in its broad and sheltering shade,
Sitting with none to make afraid,
Were we now silent, through each mighty limb
The winds of heaven would sing the praise of him.

Our first and best!—his ashes lie
Beneath his own Virginian sky.
Forgive, forget, O true and just and brave,
The storm that swept above thy sacred grave!

For, ever in the awful strife
And dark hours of the nation's life,
Through the fierce tumult pierced his warning
word,
Their father's voice his erring children heard!

The change for which he prayed and sought
In that sharp agony was wrought;
No partial interest draws its alien line
Twixt North and South, the cypress and the
pine!

One people now, all doubt beyond,
His name shall be our Union bond;
We lift our hands to heaven, and here and now
Take on our lips the old Centennial vow.

For rule and trust must needs be ours;
Chooser and chosen both are powers
Equal in service as in rights; the claim
Of Duty rests on each and all the same.

Then let the sovereign millions, where
Our banner floats in sun and air,
From the warm palm-lands to Alaska's cold,
Repeat with us the pledge a century old!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.
OAK KNOLL, Danvers, Mass.

FOR DAYBER'S ECHO:
THE ROMANCE OF A MAD RACE.

BY
CLARENCE MILES BOUTELLE.

AUTHOR OF "THE MAN OUTSIDE," "HIS MISSING
YEARS," "OF TWO EVILS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX.—(CONTINUED).

"JIM," said Professor Vincent Basle. That was the only name by which the professor knew his student. The student, who was sitting in a chair, just outside the door, smoking, and watching the water and the stormy sky, himself sheltered from the fury of the elements by the broad and ample piazza-roof, looked up quickly.

"Yes, professor?" he said, inquiringly, removing his pipe from his mouth.

"Do you think you can spare me for a week or two?"

"I don't know why I can't."

"I feel, when a man has paid such liberal fees as you have, and in advance, as though my duty was here, with him. But I have a letter here which demands my presence elsewhere, for a few days, on business."

"That's all right, professor; you go by all means. The meals will be sent up from town, I suppose, as usual?"

"Certainly, but—"

"And the washing, if you should happen to be gone more than a week? And the mail?"

"Of course, but—"

"And, if I get lonesome, I can go down to town? The old institution here can be trusted to take care of itself?"

"To be sure it can. But I wasn't thinking of that. I was thinking of your studies. I've made a little outline of the work you can do, I suppose you'll have no difficulty in following it, will you?"

"I presume I shouldn't—if I gave it much attention."

"That's what you ought to do. When a man makes up his mind to have an education, at your age—"

"I don't know as I have. I haven't made much progress since I've been here, have I?"

"As—much—"

"began the professor, in a most deliberate and dignified manner. But his student interrupted him.

"It isn't necessary to explain, professor," he said, feelingly, and with much evident sincerity both in voice and manner. "you've done everything for me that a man could do. You're a thorough teacher; you're a perfect gentleman; you're a kind and considerate friend. I've learned a great deal in the little time I've been with you. But, I'm too old to learn much, and too old to care to. You go and attend to the business which calls you away. I will spend a little time with the lessons you set me, though you mustn't complain nor scold if you return home to find that I have not one-quarter mastered them. I shall spend a part of my time in the woods with the gun; I shall row more or less on the river; you have two or three books, better samples of interesting stories than of good literature, I presume, that I have a desire to read. And, finally, I've lived alone so much, and so thoroughly to myself and for myself when I have associated with others, that I shall quite enjoy the silence that no other voice than mine can stir. So, go, and stay as long as you please. And—"

But I haven't said as much at one time since I can remember. I'm done."

"And if I should wish to write to you?"

"You won't."

"About your work—if anything should delay me?"

"No matter. I came here to study other things as well as books."

"But, if I should?"

"Well?"

"Your name is?"

"Jim!"

"But the other? The rest of it?"

"What difference does it make? It's nothing I'm ashamed of; I'll swear to that. But I'm not in the habit of using it freely. Write to 'Jim,' care of yourself, and at Valley Park Academy, and I shall surely get it."

"Yes, I think you will. And—here's the carriage I sent for to come for me from town. I must be going, though the day is so wretched a one."

"Good-by, professor."

"Good-by, Jim."

So the professor went away. I don't know that his after-life affects us, or any of us. He has left Valley Park Academy. The men and women whose interests centre around this narrow strip of land, and around the hereditary residence of the Daybers, have no need to follow him further. Farewell, Vincent Basle! May your years be as many and your fortunes as great as your heart is gentle and your purposes true!

All that day the great river rose, encroaching more and more upon the land. If a feeling which has nothing of personal fear or financial interest in it can be called alarm, Jim had feelings of alarm—vague, to be sure—as the day wore on and the dark and stormy night came down. The waters from far above were coming—coming—coming. He knew that, in a general way; had they not been coming for a long time? Had not the river been slowly rising for several days?

The rain, if it extended over much territory, would have a marked effect, of course. Undoubtedly the situation would be interesting, perhaps even exciting, before the rise was over. But Jim had no fear. Perhaps he was the sort of man to be ignorant of that emotion.

Jim sat alone for several hours, that evening, reading one of the volumes he had mentioned to the professor. Need I say to my observant readers that he had not yet touched any of the lessons in any of the subjects which he was supposed—the supposition being a pretty piece of almost pure fiction—to study.

Jim enjoyed himself. He had that comfort which always comes to those who are housed from the elements when they rage most madly. It was with great reluctance that he found, after a time, that he was so tired and sleepy that he must retire; he put aside the book with a sigh of the most genuine regret. He hurriedly removed his garments. In two minutes he had the light out and was in bed. He had not even opened the door to look out into the storm.

In sixty seconds from the time his head touched the pillow Jim was sound asleep.

How long he slept he never knew. He awoke with a sudden start—a sudden shock—and with the idea that a loud noise had disturbed his slumbers. He awoke with the frontiersman's idea of sudden danger and necessity, and the quick suggestion of preparation and precaution and investigation uppermost in his mind. In ten seconds he was out of bed and had his lamp lighted. In a minute and a half he was dressed.

And all this time there had been no repetition of the sound which had seemed to break through his dreams from the world outside, to startle him back to the realities of life.

All this time—

But ah! what was that?

A long, low, grinding roar! A shock that shook the house as though it had been a cardboard structure. A rushing, rending, crushing sound, as though the solid earth itself were being torn asunder. A plash as though a mountain had fallen into a sea! A whip, whip, whip, sharp and stinging, as though demons were madly trying to lash the reluctant waters into foam.

Jim understood it all in a moment. The current had commenced its dread work of demolition. The estate of Valley Park Academy was being bitten away in huge mouthfuls, mouthfuls of earth and stones and trees, by a monster that man was powerless to fight.

Jim sprang to the front door and opened it. A rush of wind and rain beat in, almost overpowering him and nearly extinguishing his lamp. He stood there and tried to gaze into the impenetrable darkness. It was of no use. He could see absolutely nothing.

He stepped out upon the piazza, thinking to leap to the ground and somehow find his way to the water's edge, when something seemed to hold him back—to warn him against the risk.

He stood there and waited. He waited long—for one minute—two—three.

Suddenly a flash of lightning shot across the sky, and for a tiny interval of time, between the blackness of the past and the redoubled blackness of the hurrying future, the night was as bright as the brightest noon-day. And this is what the waiting man saw: Above him, a great gulf cut far into the bank—a gulf in which the mad waters of the uncontrolled and uncontrollable river boiled and eddied in matchless fury. Below him, not a dozen rods away, great gashes cut into the bank, here and there, where enormous patches of this estate had joined fortunes with the hurrying waters. There, yonder, so near at hand that he could see the finest tracery of the trees outlined against the pitchy blackness of the storm-cloud, a huge mass of earth and rock and trees hanging—hanging so slightly that it seemed as though a child's tread would have hurled it down into the current.

All this the waiting and watchful man saw. And more. What more? That the buildings were already on a narrow neck of land, which extended far out into the river; that the doomed property was attacked at its up-river end—at its down-river end—and in front. That—and he fairly turned sick and faint as he realized the fact—the river had cut its way clear up to the building; the front piazza hung over the flood, and the front foundations of the house were almost ready to go.

And then—the light was gone. The night reigned again. And the light had lasted for so small a fractional part of a second that we can no more comprehend it, and the results of it, than we can comprehend the strangest and most occult mysteries in the universe.

All men instinctively cling to life. If I should ever know, or guess, that Jim hadn't much left to live for, I shall still never find it in my heart to marvel at the feelings which dominated him as he gazed down into the rushing swirl of inky waters at his very feet. If he had followed his impulse, that would have been the end for him. He would, even while the light fell out of the sky, have been out yonder, in that hopeless watery waste, as much beyond help as though a good physician had pronounced him dead—and sworn to it!

The man seemed to have lost his senses for a little. He caught one of the pillars of the piazza for support. He leaned heavily against it. His hands slipped, slipped, slipped—until it was doubtful whether he would maintain an erect position or fall to the floor, or even fall off into the flood itself. He trembled violently, but not more so than did the piazza itself.

He got his strength and his senses, after a little, and got his courage, his resolution, his alertness, and his strength with them. He rushed across the piazza, which seemed to give and sink—sink—sink beneath his hurrying weight. He entered the front door again, and was brave enough to stop and carefully close it. Then he rushed through the house, out of the rear door, up the hill behind the house, and sank down at the foot of a huge tree, panting, faint, and almost insensible.

Another flash of lightning smote the night, and momentarily conquered it. Another roar and grinding sound of rupture sounded through the burdened air, and, to his dying day, Jim will never forget the view he had of an immense slice of land, with the stones and trees and shrubs upon it, torn loose from the main-land and seemingly hanging suspended in the air—not firm—not fallen—but falling. Falling swiftly, as all bodies must and do when gravitation's mighty force has its way with them, but seen as though motionless in the viewless air when illuminated by the transient light of atmospheric electricity.

Darkness again. Darkness and comparative silence. And then, beginning with a sound that seems hardly distinct from the waves and the winds and the rain, but which grows into a crushing of beams and joists, a rending and tearing of boards and planks, and a hideous crushing of timber, which almost rivals thunder in intensity, the house in which Jim was sleeping only a few minutes since falls into a heap which is scarcely less shapeless than chaos. Will there be fire to add to the ruin water has wrought? Or will water have the full credit for all the disaster which the sun of coming morning will look down upon at Valley Park Academy?

For a moment or two the matter is in doubt. The problem seems to hang in an even balance.

The lamp has fallen. Will it set fire to the house? Has it done so? What has happened? What will?

It is light!

Yes, while the lamp was falling.

It is dark now.

Exactly, for the lamp is down now—down to—

But see, through that broken doorway, so placed that one could look straight in to where the lamp stood, if there was only any light there

to see by, one can catch the glow of a tiny spark—a slender thread of flame!

A glow now—so slight that Jim is not sure whether it is real or an illusion of his overtaken senses, and so rubs his eyes to make sure.

A flash now, and an unsteady flicker—which an infant might extinguish with a half-cupful of water, if he could get at it.

A fire now—that makes the beams sparkle and crackle under the ardent touch.

A fire now—large—strong—irresistible—roaring like a furnace—defying the storm—lighting up the scene for miles in every direction.

Will one building be all?

It really makes little difference. The water will have all that was ever Valley Park Academy, and long before morning. And yet, it does seem to add an element of horror to the whole matter to see the fine fight against the water, each striving to effect the full measure of disaster first.

Brands from the burning building fall upon the roofs of other buildings. They roll off too rapidly to do damage, or the ready rain extinguishes such as remain, and helps hold the property against the assaults of fire, ready for the attacks of water—against which nothing can stand.

But see! One roof begins to blaze. It gains—gains—gains. It conquers. Every building is doomed—unless the water, which is doing its work so thoroughly, does it quickly as well.

So the night wears on. So Jim, wet and uncomfortable as he is, leans back against the tree where he sits and sometimes sleeps for a few minutes at a time, only to wake again suddenly, and to watch the unequal fight between the two mighty elements—fire and water!

Unequal, did I say? Yes, unequal. For, when morning comes, at last, the transitory victory of fire is over and gone forever—so far as this little property, in which we have taken so much interest, is concerned. Though fire roared and crackled through the timbers of the doomed buildings, it has been water which has twisted and wrenched and crushed all that the fire left. Though fire laid the houses in ashes, it has been water which has scattered the ashes of the fire far and near. A wet sky, gray and pitiless, with no sign of a sun anywhere, and with no promise of any, bends over a waste of waters which fills Jim's field of vision—to the east—to the north—to the south—as far as the eye can reach—as far as the horizon's very verge.

And Jim, too much of a frontiersman not to be a practical philosopher, went down to the shore, an eighth of a mile or so above where Valley Park Academy used to be, found his boat—that is, the boat which Professor Basle had allowed him to use freely since he had been a resident at the Academy—found the gun and some cartridges, fairly dry and undoubtedly usable, they having been well covered up in the boat, and taking the weapon and ammunition, he started slowly toward the west.

"I guess I'll try to find something I can shoot for my breakfast," said this self-reliant man.

Doctor Peter Pillah got off the cars, in the early morning, a half-dozen miles from Valley Park Academy. He was a very tired and dejected-looking individual. He seemed to have grown much older and grayer since his journey to this place began. The wrinkles in his face were deeper. He stooped more. He moved more slowly, and with greater evident difficulty. His eyes were dim, and the tears came up into them with a terribly pathetic readiness. If it be true that "the wages of sin is death," surely this man was beginning to stand in the valley of the shadow of his reward.

"I—I am so hungry," he moaned; and surely there was reason enough why he should be. He had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours. He was husbanding every penny of his resources. He was counting the days there would be between now and the time he would be at home again. He had made an estimate—a physician's estimate, mind you—of all the factors involved, and had decided that he could exist—he did not dare say as strong a word as *live*—on one meal a day. It seemed as though his reasoning had nothing fallacious in it, for the time before he could be home again, so he calculated, would be very, very short, and still, he sometimes tremblingly doubted whether his mind was as clear as it had sometimes been—whether his memory was as good as it was once—whether he should not find that he had fallen into some error which would cost him dear.

"When—when I am at home again," he muttered, "I—I shall find work to do again. I shall, at least, earn enough to stand between me and actual want. But now—now—"

He shook his head, and relapsed into silence. He was a man of wonderful resolution. He had started to make this journey, and he would make it! After that, he would find time to think of other things.

Peter Pillah had ordered his mail to be forwarded to him, to the post-office in this straggling and unkempt little village, which had taken unsteady root and had grown up precariously around the station the great railroad corporation had ordained and created. He had not expected any mail, to be sure, and yet there might be some.

"I—I am so hungry," he moaned. He wondered what they would have in the squalid-looking little restaurant he saw a half-dozen doors away, down the mean and dirty street. He wondered how much a breakfast would cost him, what, he could buy cheapest, and how much he could get for his money?

But, as he came opposite the open door of the eating-house, and the savory smell of cooking meat came hotly out to him, he saw the sign "POST OFFICE" a half-dozen rods further on. So he passed by the possibility of breakfast, and on to a despairful hope for news.

The post-master had just opened the mail-bag, and a loaferish crowd was waiting, rather impatiently, for the daily assurance that there was nothing for them. Peter Pillah leaned against the grimy counter of the dirty little store in which the post-office was kept, and waited, too.

The mail distributed, the crowd of loafers filed slowly up to the window behind which the postmaster stood, and asked the usual hopeless questions, and got the usual negative answers. Then Pillah sidled weakly and shamefacedly up, and asked, in a tone so weak that he had to speak a second time, if there were "any letters for Doctor Peter Pillah?"

There was one. The same train had brought it as had brought him. Good fortune seemed to have turned his way at last. "A—a sign of the future which is to be mine," he muttered, as the post-master handed it to him.

Yes, Peter Pillah, a sign of your future. His hand trembled as he took it, and his eyes filled and overflowed. He glanced at the postmark, it was illegible, as postmarks usually are, you know, he glanced at the writing, and a great, gusty sigh of joy burst from his lips. Della, his Della, had written to him again. He stooped and kissed the envelope, and, somehow, no one in all the crowd thought of laughing, indeed, one or two brushed the backs of their hands across their eyes, and then looked nervously around to see if any one had noticed what they had done.

And now, Doctor Pillah would read his letter at breakfast. And now, no breakfast, no matter what it cost, should be too good for him. For once he would feast, in honor of Della's letter, even though he must go hungry because of it on the morrow. How much?

He put his hand into his pocket! He drew it out empty! He had been robbed, on the train, of all he had left of money in the world! I won-

It will do you no good. I will have nothing more to do with you. I have gathered, thanks to the best of legal assistance, since I pledged my oath to Mr. Prettyman, the evidences of your indebtedness and the mortgages upon your property, real and personal. I am on my way to take possession. And I shall not hesitate to say who I am, and who I love! I can afford to do all that, now, for it will not be many days before I go to Dayber's Echo, its mistress and owner. So the name you will find at the bottom of this letter is the name I shall be known by in my new, but temporary, home—your old, though temporary, one.

"You may think you'll defy me, that you'll come and claim your rights as a husband, and that you will attempt to share Dayber's Echo with me—in spite of my oath. Don't do it. For I command you not to. And I assure you that if you disobey me, I shall be pitiless! There is too much against you for you to dare take the risk, and you know it, while as for myself, though a conflict with you would be unpleasant, you know that I have always kept my own hands clean and white."

"DELLA DAYBER PILLAH."

"So this is the end, is it?" he muttered—"the end?"

He walked on mechanically toward the east, ever toward the east, his face upturned toward the stormy sky, tearing the wicked letter his wife had written, and savagely setting his heel upon fragment after fragment as they fell. An hour or more passed in that way. He was thinking—thinking—thinking. And, to judge by his face, his thoughts could not have been pleasant ones. You would have supposed, from his expression of countenance, that his experiences had been confined to some world in which such a thing as love had never been heard of.

"The end?" he said aloud, finishing an hour of thought in much the same way as that in which he began it—"the end? Unless—"

no more—the silent one opened his lips and asked a question—his question.

"Are you a Dayber?"

Pillah started violently. The tears came into his eyes. He shuddered.

The man leaned nearer to him, his eyes ablaze with repressed excitement.

"Are—you—" he began.

"God forbid!" exclaimed Doctor Pillah; "but I—I loved a Dayber—once!"

The grim man rose silently to his feet. It was not until he had kicked the embers of his fire apart, and had crushed the fire into nothingness, that he spoke again.

"Come," he said, quietly; "I think you were going my way. Let us move on. You loved a Dayber—once?—And I'd venture to say she wrecked your life?"

Pillah bowed his head upon his breast, as he walked by the side of the man who questioned him.

"She wrecked my life," he said, simply.

"Curse the Daybers," said the grim man; "curse them, I say! I hate the whole race."

"You know them, then?"

"No. That is, only by reputation. I only met one—once—"

"Well?"

"He got the better of me. It isn't long ago. I haven't quite recovered from it yet."

"He got the better of you?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"By being a decent man. I meant to kill

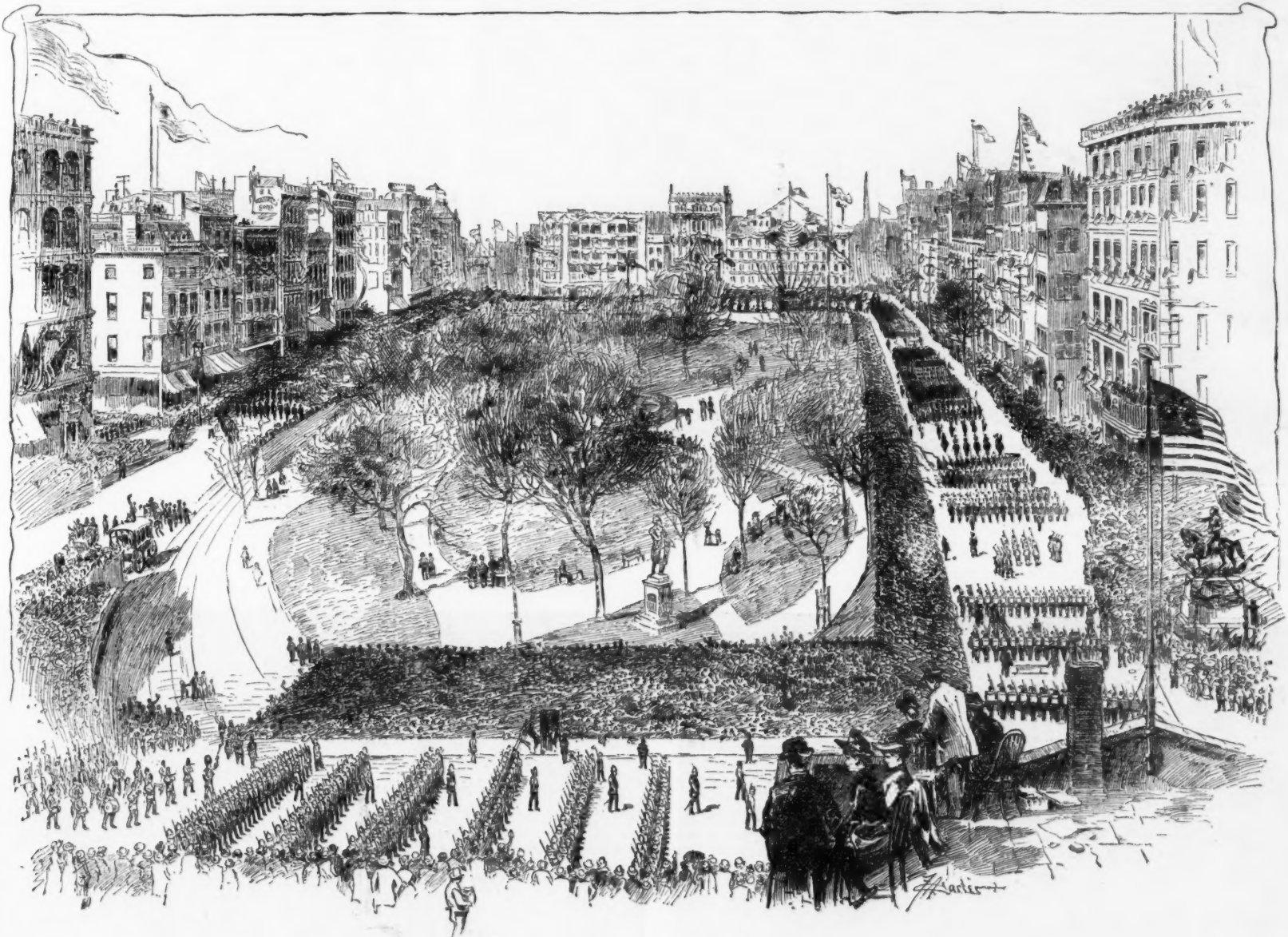
"I don't mean that. What of him?"

The grim man gave Doctor Peter Pillah a penetrating side-glance. He evidently wondered whether his companion had suddenly taken leave of his senses, or whether he had only been guilty of the rudeness of giving so little attention to his story as not to know the manifest absurdity of the question he had asked.

"What of him? I tell you, stranger, so far as we know, here in this world, there's not much more to be said of a man, after he's dead and buried, is there?"

Peter Pillah drew a long breath. Evidently this man did not read the advertisements in the great daily newspapers. Evidently he did not know of the purchase Prince Prettyman had made. Evidently he was ignorant of the fact that he had indirectly deced Valley Park Academy to some one who meant to profit by the possession of it. Knowing that the claim to Dayber's Echo hinged upon the ownership to Valley Park Academy, this man had come to this vicinity to watch for the coming of any of the interested Daybers, but he had not thought of finding in whose name the educational institution on which so much depended was held. It would be embarrassing to stand at Valley Park Academy, with this man, and look out across Valley Park Crossing, where Prince Prettyman had—had—had been—been—unfortunate! But forewarned is forearmed. He had some little time left in which to nerve himself for the ordeal. He believed he could endure it.

Suddenly, almost before he had guessed it,



THE CENTENNIAL PROCESSION PASSING AROUND UNION SQUARE—"THE LOOP."—FROM A SKETCH BY CARTER.—[SEE PAGE 230.]

der if the sneaking fellow who took Pillah's pocket-book, with its trivial sum of some eight or ten dollars, and who tore up and scattered to the winds the useless and, possibly, tell-tale railroad-tickets it contained, had even the dimmest idea of the deed he possibly did? I wonder whether God will require Peter Pillah's life of him in the judgment?

He turned toward the east, walking unsteadily because of his biting hunger. The rain seemed to increase, and to have a special spite against him. But the look on his face was the look you may have seen shining in the eyes of some one who loves you. A radiant look—a look which seems to have learned something of a scorn for death and change, privation and danger, and to have caught a ray or two from the light of immortality. Why should he not look thus? He held a letter from his wife in his hand.

"A—a sign," he muttered again.

Yes, Peter Pillah, a sign. He tore the envelope open. He read the brief and pitiless missive it contained.

"Peter Pillah," it began, without date or name of the place at which it was written, and without any title of either endearment or even of respect—

"I have recently learned that my way to Dayber's Echo is clear—perfectly clear. The deed Prince Prettyman made in my favor, through those to whom he gave the property in trust, has been recorded. I see, in the paper on my breakfast-table, at my elbow, that Nathan Dayber is dying, and that the physician in charge says he is dying insane.

"You remember my oath, given to Prince Prettyman? Well, I shall keep it! Never dare try to see me again.

And he shut his teeth sharply together. The look on his face was devilish.

"Have you breakfasted?" said a deep voice, close at hand.

The doctor started from his absorbing reverie, and looked about him. It was a very old, gray, grim-looking man who had asked him the question. A glance convinced him that the question was not an unkindly one, and he answered it promptly and truthfully.

"I have had no breakfast," he said.

"Will you eat with me?"

The doctor bowed, and took a seat on a fallen log, close beside his new-found host.

The breakfast was a primitive one, consisting of some birds which the host had shot, only a short time before, and which he had cooked over a rude fire which he had managed to coax to burn in spite of the rain—probably by the exercise of some knowledge he had gained in his life on the frontier.

If the host was only moderately hungry, surely the guest made up for every lack. Peter Pillah ate like the famished man he was, ate like a penniless man without any very definite hope for another meal, ate like a man who had recently found some one of the strongest reasons for wishing to live longer—such a reason as a thirst for revenge, for instance.

The host sat in grim and contemplative silence while his guest thoroughly satisfied himself. At length, when Pillah ended, with a half-regretful sigh of satisfaction—evidence that he could eat

him—not for anything he had ever done, but simply because he was a Dayber. But I wanted to have some excuse to offer to my conscience when I had done it. I tried to find some meanness and falsity in him I failed. He was as good a man as I ever knew. So I left him—left him to life and love and freedom. He got the better of me, curse him, and I was fool enough to be too tender-hearted to take any revenge out of him."

"What reason had you for wishing revenge?"

"On my brother's account. My brother and I never knew much of one another after our earliest boyhood. I presume he'd have said, by the time he was fairly a man grown, and doing a man's work and a man's battle in the world, that he hadn't a relative in the world. I was living, though, and loving him as devotedly as ever one brother loved another. I am living still, and I love his memory as much as I ever loved him."

"Well, what happened to him? Did some Dayber injure—"

"Not exactly. But he was killed because of a Dayber, and most unjustly—"

"Killed? How?"

"Lynched! I've seen the spot where they say it was done, but I never found the poor fellow's grave, and—"

"Well? What since?"

"What since? Why, my determination to watch and to wait, my resolve that some Dayber shall suffer as sorely as—"

they stood on the top of the rise of ground to the west of the great river, and he was looking down upon the fierce flood. What a sight!

Banks, rising sheer and precipitous to a height of many feet above the rushing water, showed that here, below them, the river was not simply over the land—the land had been actually carried away. Not a foot of the soil, not a vestige of any of the buildings, not a thing which had ever been Valley Park Academy—or any part of it—remained! It was gone—utterly gone.

And Jim Prettyman, laying his hand on Pillah's shoulder, asked him, solemnly:

"Are you interested in Dayber's Echo?"

"No," said the doctor, a certain revengeful gleam sounding in his voice; "I am not. But I know a woman who is. I'd like to telegraph the news of this catastrophe to her."

"There's the town, below, and—"

"If I had a boat—"

"Is it the woman who wrecked your life?"

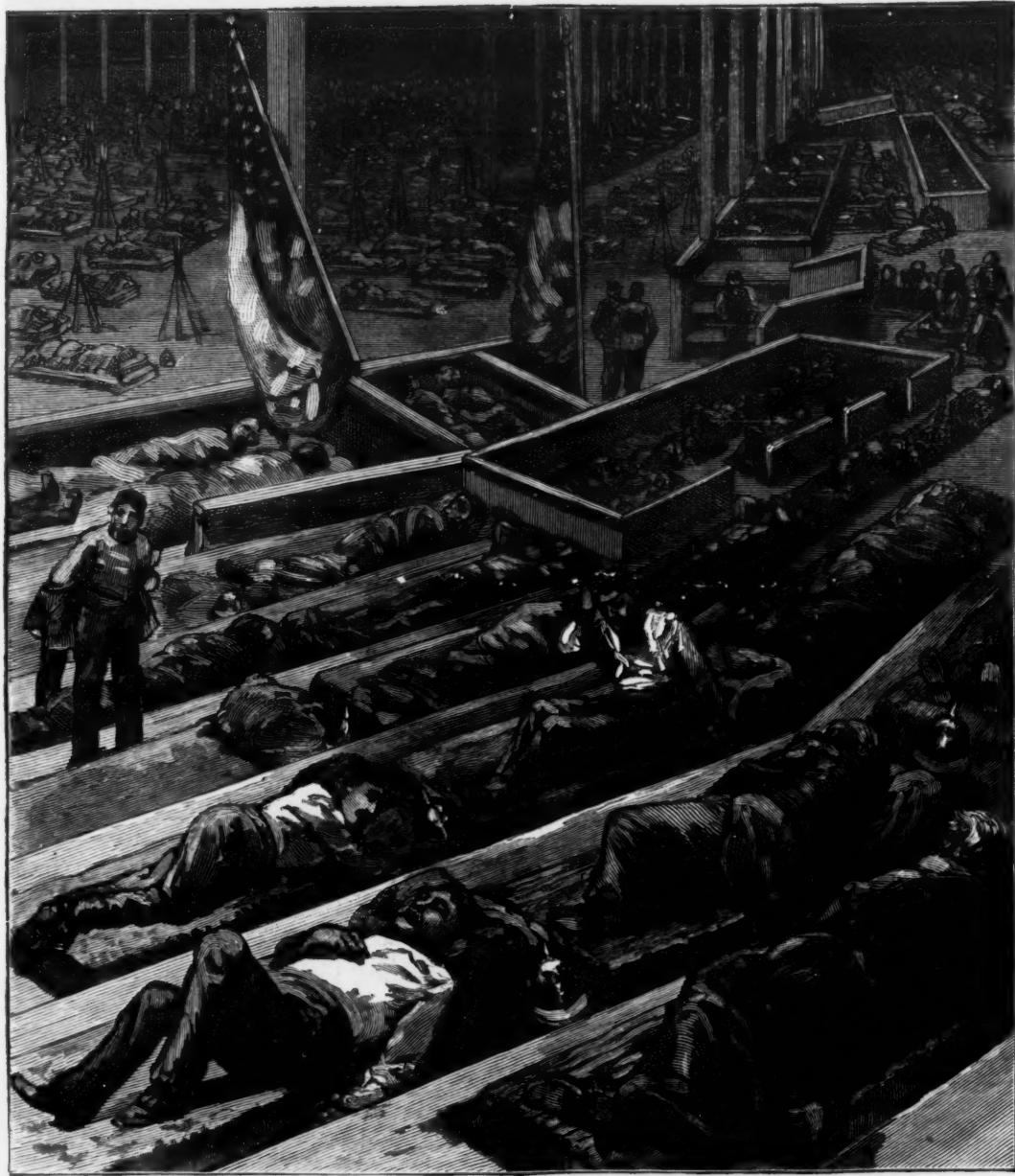
"Yes."

"Then you can have my boat, or, rather, the professor's boat. Shall I go with you?"

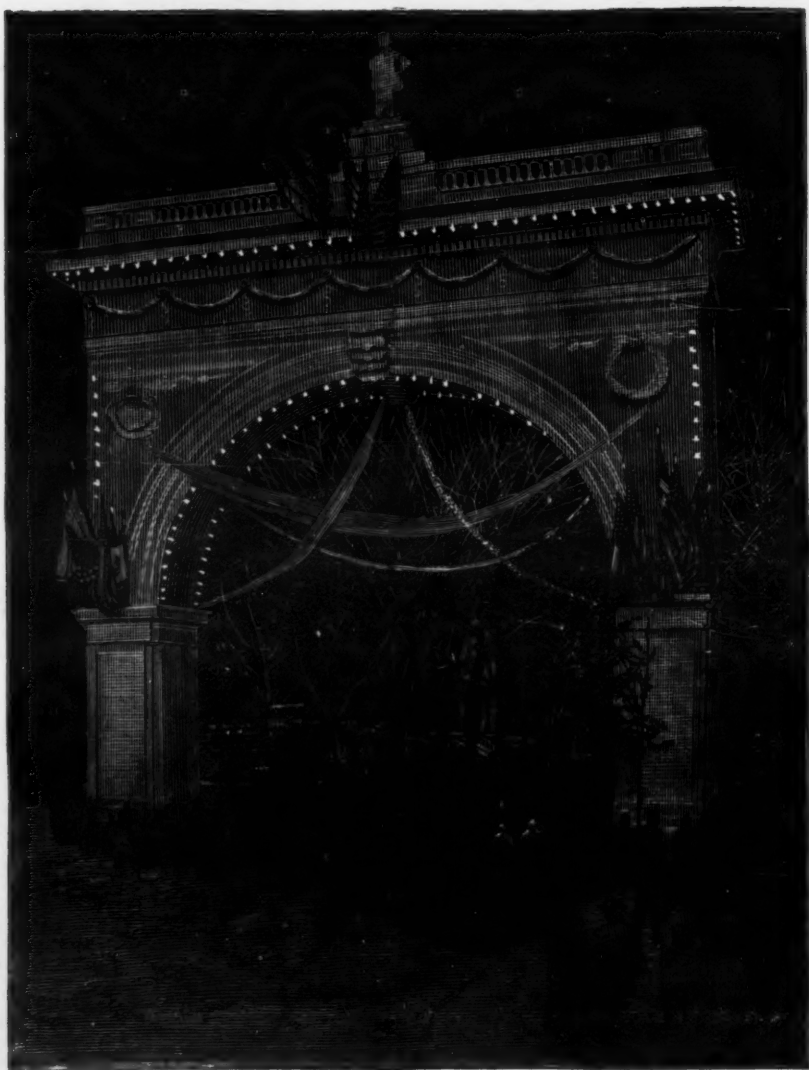
Pillah looked over his shoulder at the questioner, and he shivered in spite of himself.

"No," he said, very shortly and decidedly.

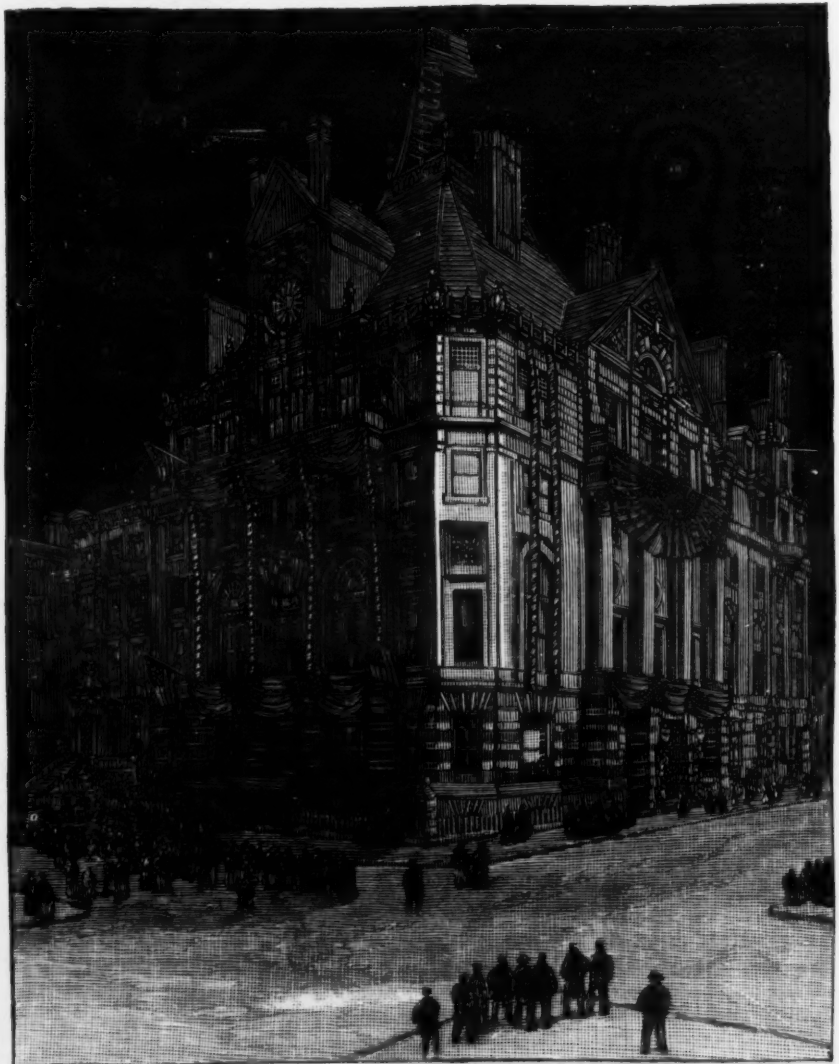
Ah! It's very easy to say "No," Doctor Peter Pillah, and very easy to regret having said it. Do you know, doctor, that you said your wife's letter was a sign? Do you know that if—Prince Prettyman had not been—been—been unfortunate, you would have no hesitation in taking



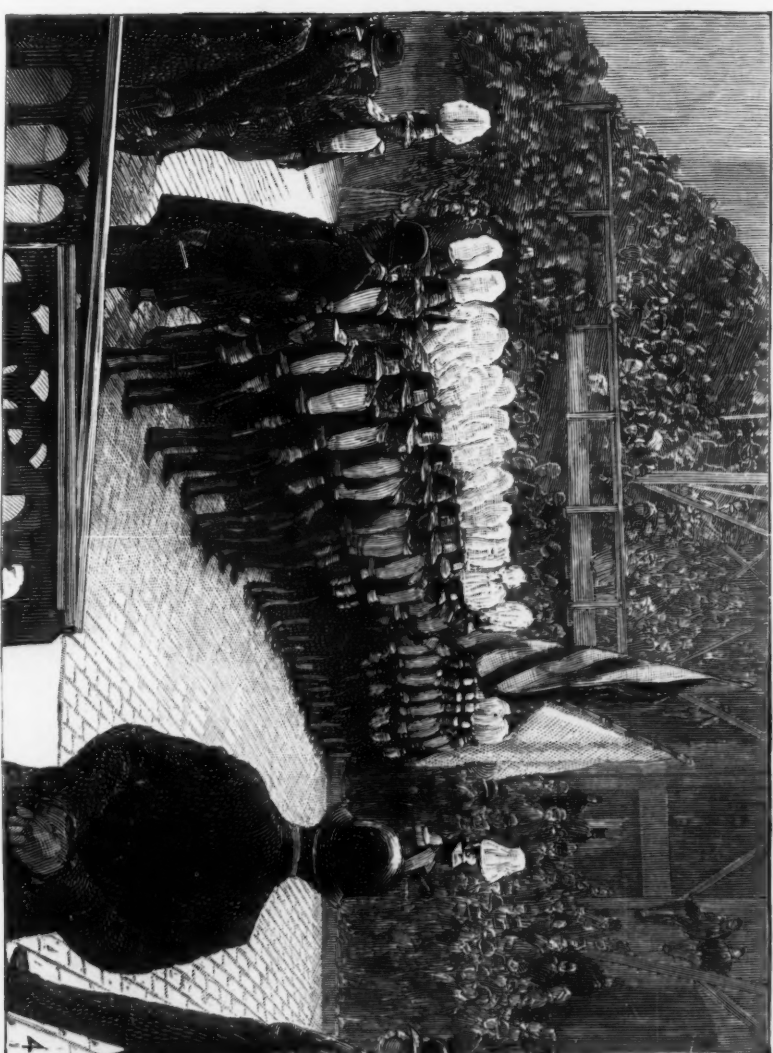
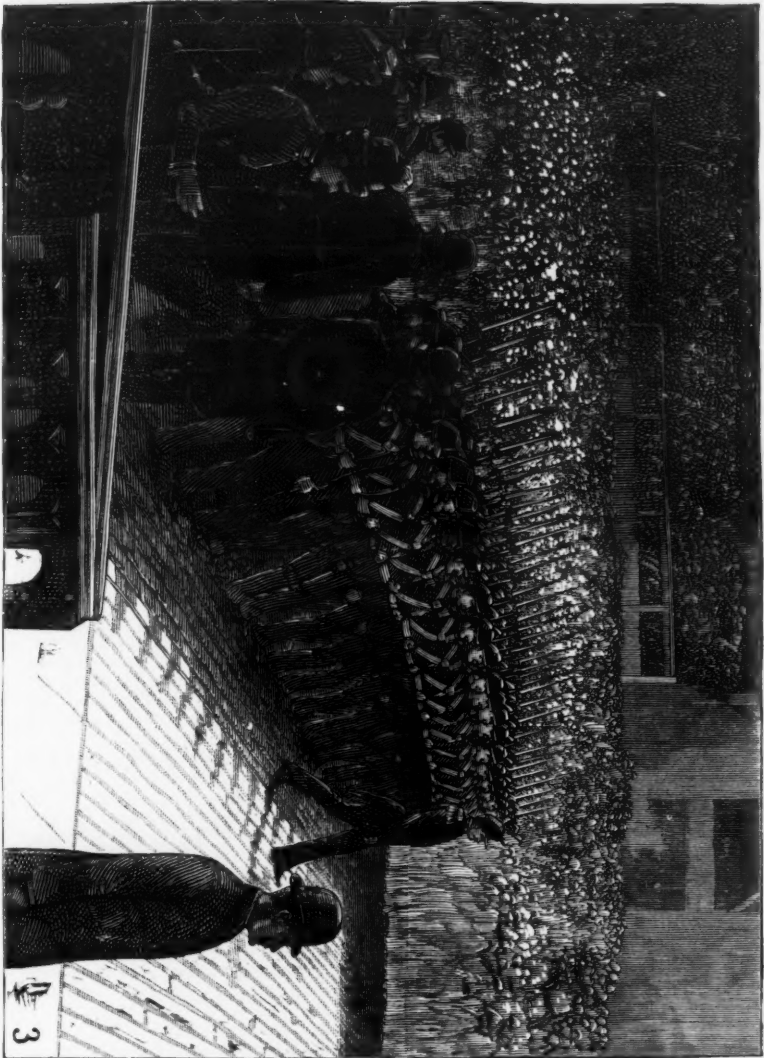
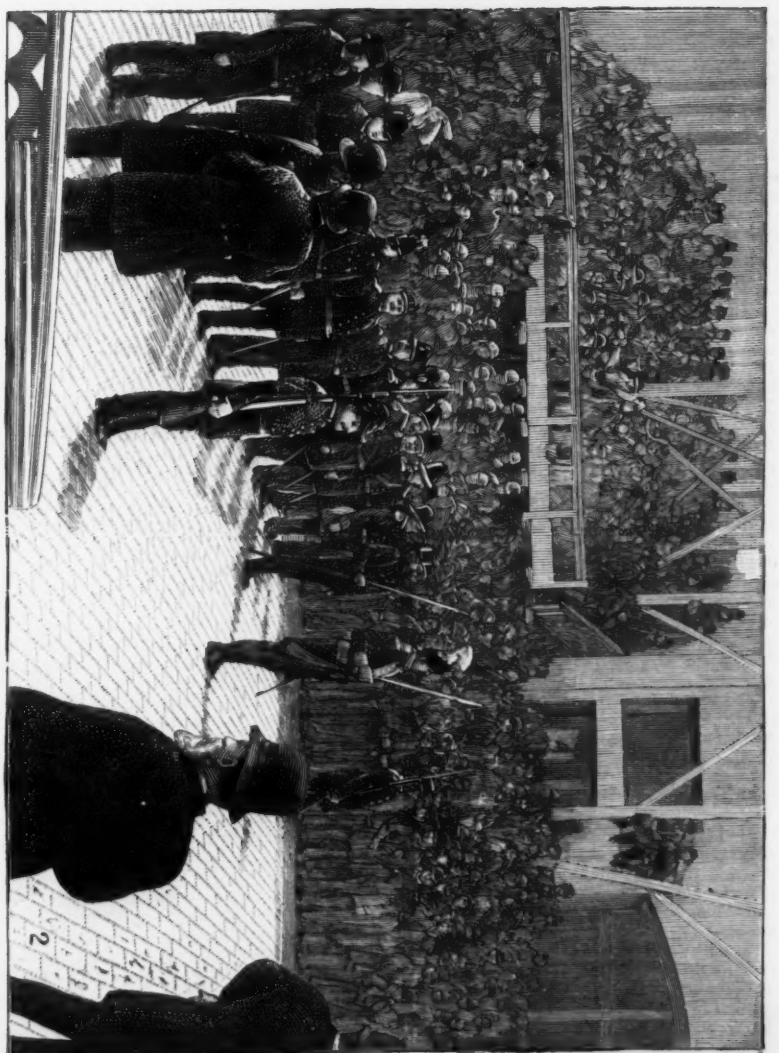
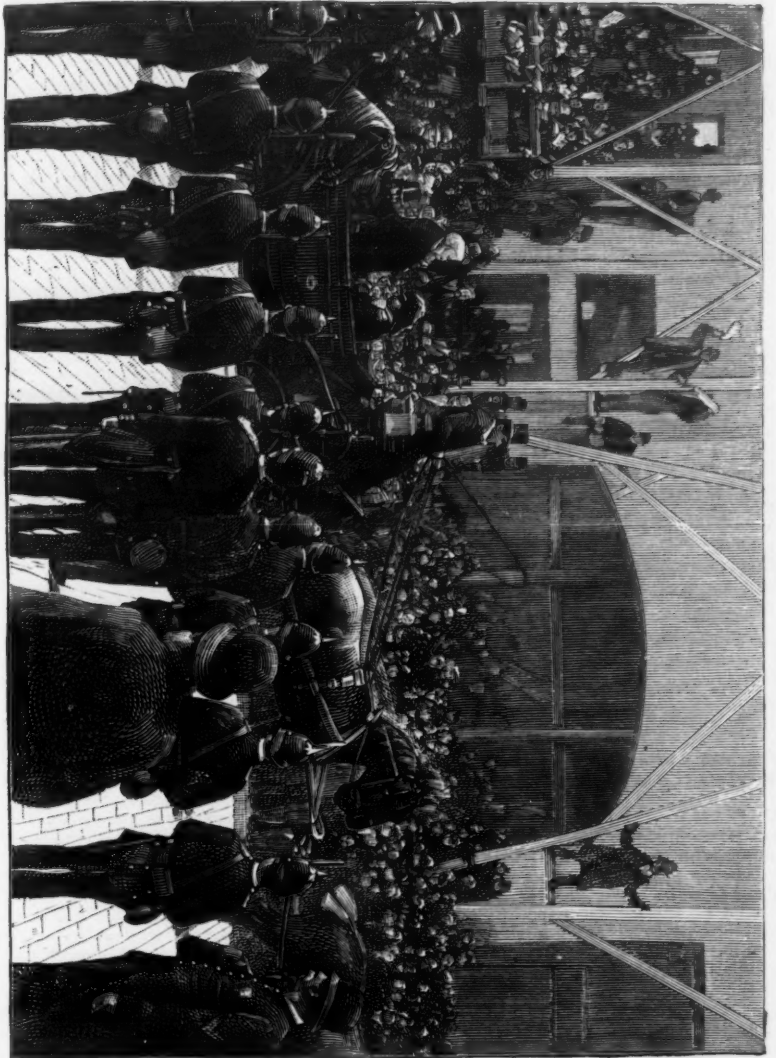
A SCENE IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN ON THE NIGHT OF APRIL 29TH.—THE BIVOUAC OF VISITING MILITIA—FROM A PHOTO.
[SEE PAGE 230.]



THE ARCH ON WASHINGTON SQUARE, OPPOSITE FIFTH AVENUE, ILLUMINATED.



THE ILLUMINATION OF THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB.



1 PRESIDENT HARRISON SALUTING THE CONCOURSE OF LADIES ON THE BALCONY OF THE "JUDGE" BUILDING. 2 THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY OF BOSTON. 3 THE NEW YORK SEVENTH REGIMENT. 4 THE RICHMOND (V.A.) REGTS. INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOS OF THE GRAND CENTENNIAL PARADE.—[SEE PAGE 230.]

th's gentleman with you? Do you know that if Prince Prettyman's brother had not shared his breakfast with you, you would have neither the strength nor the courage necessary to a determination to make this journey alone—no matter who your companion might or might not be? It may give you something interesting, if not pleasant, to think of, by and by, when your suddenly acute mind shall present these questions to you!

They walked up to where the boat was. Pillah sprang in. Jim stood on the bank.

"Would you mind letting me hear the message you're going to send?" asked Jim.

"Not at all, if you happen to have pencil and paper with you. I haven't any."

Jim produced the desired articles. Pillah soon wrote the message. Then he read it aloud.

"Valley Park Academy is washed away—as your hopes are!"

He read neither address nor signature, although he had written both, nor did Jim seem to notice the omission, or to feel any curiosity regarding it. He folded up the paper. He put it carefully in his coat-pocket. He took off his coat, in order to handle the oars to better advantage, and placed it carefully in the bottom of the boat. Does it happen to occur to you, Doctor Peter Pillah, that you are making such preparations as may make it easy for some one to send your message—even if your wife's letter should be proven by events to have been a sign? Or if anything should happen to make you regret not having given Prince Prettyman's brother a place with you?

"Farewell," said Jim.

Peter Pillah could have wished he had said some other word. But that was what he said. He held out his hand. Pillah did not reach it with his own. I am not certain that he tried as hard as he might. Possibly he would have felt some reluctance in taking the hand of this man—this man who had fed him unquestioningly—this man whose brother he—he—he had seen *unfortunate!*

Jim turned and walked away. Up the hill. Up to the top, where he stood outlined against the sky for a half-minute or so. Then over, and out of sight, and away. Walking where? Into some other story? I do not know. But out of this—forever.

And then, Peter Pillah pushed the boat out into the current, and bent to the oars.

It was a hard task this, to keep the boat steady and headed rightly, and to see that no floating drift-wood did it damage. A hard task. Too hard for—

For, suddenly, one of his oars struck upon a half-submerged stick of timber. Struck—and snapped short off! The blow unsteady him, and he tried to remedy matters by rising and moving toward the other side of the boat. And then—before he realized his danger—before he could do anything to avoid it—he was down in the icy flood, and the boat was beyond his reach.

He came to the surface, gasping and panting. He raised a cry, long and loud and despairing, but only the faint and far-off echoes vaguely answered it. He looked toward the western line of hills. No one there. Jim was gone—gone beyond sight and hearing. He was not quite sure if he was sorry—or glad.

If he lives—he must save himself. There is no one to help him. No one—unless—unless—and he wonders on which side of Fate's balance will be found the hand of the only One who watched him when he—he—he murdered Prince Prettyman?

He makes a mad dash for the drifting boat, saying that he cannot die—that he will not die. He exhausts himself fearfully. And he has not covered half of the space between himself and the craft the possession of which would mean safety.

He turns upon his back, to rest for a time. He can float as rapidly as the boat does. Surely the boat has not gained on him for a single moment since he came to the surface, after his terrible plunge, and got sense enough to follow the current instead of striving against it. The boat has not gained on him at all. Some of the time he has gained on the boat. It is not far away—not very far!

And once more he makes almost a madman's effort to reach it—an effort which leaves it only a few feet away, but an effort which makes it imperatively necessary that he shall rest again.

That is not the way to reach the boat. That—He pauses in his course of reasoning. Suppose he tries for the shore. He shudderingly turns toward the boat again. There is no hope in any attempt to reach the shore. There has not been any.

He throws himself forward, and swims steadily and strongly, though more slowly than before, toward the boat. Nearer—nearer—nearer—until his hands almost touch it. Triumph? Of course! How silly that he should have been frightened! How absurd that he should have thought of death, now! Of course, death is inevitable, but now—now—He almost laughs! He throws back his head. It hits a floating log. He goes down—down—his eager fingers touching the boat as he goes!

He comes to the surface again, exhausted, worn out, and—worst of all—utterly demoralized and thoroughly frightened. He sees the boat, not a yard away, but he cannot control his muscles; he cannot put forth the effort necessary to reach it. He—he—goes down again!

He is gone longer, this time, than he was before. He is more nearly beaten, physically, than he was before. The boat is farther away than it was. But—now—he thinks he has gotten his moral courage back again, and that the rest will be—

The rest will be impossible!

Why do you shriek so, Peter Pillah? I see nothing but the coat you once wore, shaking and tossing in the bottom of the boat! What do you see? Or think you see?

Why do you shriek so, Peter Pillah? Why are you ready to give up life and hope without another effort? Prince Prettyman is not crouch-

ing in the boat, yonder, and leering at you and your sore distress—not unless he has come without the cramping crudity of organized matter which he once lived in and called his body! You cannot see the man you murdered—not unless it is given to men on the grave's margin to see with clearer sight than when life was strong!

Throw up your hands in agony! Sink—sink—lower and lower! Going—going—GONE!

It will be a terrible illustration of the sarcasm of Fate, Peter Pillah, if, when the Last Day dawns, Prince Prettyman and you come up from the great river side by side, to stand and face Judgment together!

(To be continued.)

"QUEEN ELIZABETH."

By Mrs. Emma S. Allen.

THEY were having an Authors' Carnival in Wilmington—the event of the season—which was spreading itself over half a dozen nights, and draining the much-enduring pockets of mankind for the commendable enterprise of erecting a public drinking-fountain in the city park. The barn-like structure called the pavilion, where county fairs were held annually, had been transformed into a veritable Wonderland, and very brightly the electric lights shone on fair women and brave men.

It had run to the fourth night, and the crowds showed no signs of abating. There had been tableaux and pantomimes and solos and quartettes and choruses, and, above all, the most delicious strains of music from Hartman's orchestra of fifteen pieces that ear ever heard. The programme was over for the evening, and the Carnival was at its height.

Queen Elizabeth held her court in the Scott booth, which was as good a representation of Kenilworth Castle as lumber and wall-paper and cut ivy could make it. Sir Walter Raleigh was not spreading his red-velvet cloak before Her Royal Highness this evening, as he had done for three nights, having overheard a spectator remark that it had become a "chestnut." He had gone over to the black eyes of Rebecca, for the time being, and Elizabeth was pretending to find the nonsensical talk of Rob Roy quite as entertaining as his own.

Nowhere was the dream of fair myths being carried out according to text. In the Tennyson booth, Sir Launcelot and the Princess were eating ice-cream together, while Queen Guenevere and Enoch Arden flirted outrageously under the very eyes of King Arthur and Annie. In the Shakespeare booth, Hamlet was cracking walnuts for Lady Macbeth, who used her dagger very daintily for a nut-pick. Othello was holding his black face attentively near Portia's coquettish brown curls, and Desdemona was braiding Shylock's grizzly beard in two tails, in a very artless fashion. Even Titania forgot to be enamored of Bottom and left him agreeably engaged in braying soft speeches into the ear of Rosalind, while she ate caramels with Antony in fearless proximity to Cleopatra, who was figuring up some costume expenses with Julius Cæsar.

It had been a unanimous verdict throughout the week that, for real beauty and grace and elegance of costume, Queen Elizabeth bore off the palm. Sir Walter Raleigh was off far the handsomest man in the Carnival. Take him in orthodox black broadcloth, and he was still the lion of society. He had a face like a Greek god, so Helen of Troy said when she was making vigorous efforts to secure him for the Homer booth, as Paris. Helen was a very pretty girl, though hardly worthy of the golden apple—an orange, by the way—that she received, in a tableau, the first night, from the hand of Paris—a pretty man, whose legitimate profession was that of a dry-goods clerk. She had not become at all reconciled to seeing the face like a Greek god's framed in the curling wig of an Elizabethan dandy—nor to seeing that face forever turned toward his regal sovereign, as though it was not hard for him to act such devotion. For three nights the Carnival had been as hollow a mockery as the silly compliments of Hector, Agamemnon, and Achilles—more pretty clerks. On the fourth night she resolved to play a part that was not on the programme—one that would not bear the illumination of a calcium-light—and wrest from her rival the prize she coveted, at all hazards.

There was to be a general promenade after the programme, and at eleven o'clock the announcement was made. Helen came down the steps of marble oil-cloth from her Trojan palace, looking like a Greek goddess in her loose white robe bordered with gold paper. She had bands of the same precious metal clasping her bare arms above the elbows and girdling her blonde hair as far back as the Psyche knot. Agamemnon made a motion to arrest her flight, but she evaded the fascinations of his tin-spangled coat of Grecian mail, and soon found herself under the ivy-hung, canton-flannel-draped portals of Kenilworth Castle.

Queen Elizabeth and Helen of Troy had never been the best of friends, even in the high-school days of geometry and Latin, not long since gone. There was a scowl on the Queen's beautiful brunette face, and a simper on Helen's.

"How dare you come unbidden into the presence of our Queen?" demanded Ivanhoe, who was fanning Her Majesty with a Japanese fan. He laid his hand tragically on his sword, at the same time smiling incongruously beneath his tin helmet.

The Grecian beauty made a wry face at the knight and knelt at the Queen's feet, pleading: "Know, O Queen, that I have come hither to see if I dropped my purse anywhere, while I was in here before the multitude assembled. Did you see anything of it? It is a little red-morocco affair with a gold clasp. You all know it—I have had it forever, nearly."

"No, I haven't seen it," said the Queen.

Helen rose to her feet and began looking under the rugs.

"Mr. Norwood—I beg pardon, Sir Walter Raleigh—do you remember seeing me have it, when I put into it one of my rings that was too loose for my finger?"

"Yes; quite distinctly."

To her intense satisfaction he came gallantly to her assistance in the search, but the missing purse failed to come to light.

"It doesn't matter very much," she said, finally. "It will put in an appearance when you clean up, after the revel is done." I care more for the ring than anything else. There was only a trifle of money in the purse—ten dollars or so."

"A trifle!" exclaimed Queen Bess, who, beneath all her hired velvet and gold lace, was a poor girl, the eldest of four daughters of self-sacrificing parents who had known better days and still, in some way, managed to retain the social position they had then won. "If I were to lose half the amount, I couldn't pay for my costume," she added, frankly.

"Take warning, then, and sew up the holes in your pockets," laughed Helen, exhibiting a rip in that commodity of her Grecian costume. "Papa will scold a little, but he will end by giving me more money than I lost."

Helen of Troy's "papa" was a banker, and his name was Smith.

As she had intended, she had kept Bertram Norwood from Edna Hirth's side long enough for Ivanhoe to secure her for the promenade. There was nothing better left for Sir Walter, therefore, than Carrie Smith. He hid his disappointment and conversed with her, in the half-dozen turns about the hall, as well as a man could whose heart and eyes were elsewhere. He knew the very moment when Queen Elizabeth went into the cloak-room for her shabby seal-skin cloak that a rich aunt had cast off upon her. Helen of Troy knew, too, and proposed going to the same apartment. He blessed her for it, and would have rewarded her by asking to accompany her home if he had been sure that Ivanhoe had left no chance for him with his Queen.

A look from that glittering knight, who stood in waiting at the door, told him that he had better not enter the lists as his rival, and he forced himself to say:

"Is your father coming for you, Miss Smith?"

"No; not to-night. I am with Mr. and Mrs. Arnold."

"With me, if you will permit," he said, in his happy, self-possessed way that savored not in the least of egotism.

His blue eyes looked full into those of the girl shivering beside him in her thin, though picturesque costume. He did not know that it was not the cold that made her shiver.

"You are cold—let me assist you into your wraps."

He passed Edna Hirth just as she turned from the glass where she had been adjusting her pink fascinator. Ivanhoe was getting into his overcoat at the door, in blissful ignorance of any service he might render a lady. Carrie Smith stopped suddenly exclaiming:

"Let me help you into your cloak, Edna. How do you ever get it on over all that velvet, and with that gigantic ruff?"

"It is rather hard."

Queen Elizabeth looked at Sir Walter Raleigh, half smiling, half reproachful.

"I believe I understand the trick," he said, with a look that explained everything to her and a little too much for Miss Smith's satisfaction.

He took down the shabby seal-skin that was very familiar and very dear to him. He liked to think of the time when he would put a costly new one in its place. But suddenly—he never knew how it came about—out of one of the pockets fell noisily a little red-morocco purse, clasped with gold.

"Oh!" gasped Carrie Smith, with a step backward. Norwood looked at her in surprise at first, then in deeper surprise at Edna Hirth, whose face was as crimson as the velvet of her royal robe. He picked up the purse and fumbled for the coat-pocket to replace it, when the truth flashed over him. As he paused, half stupefied, Edna snatched the purse from his hand.

"Carrie Smith, is this yours?"—her voice trembled.

"Yes. Where did you find it?"

"Find it? You know I did not find it. What does it mean? I didn't know it was there."

Her anger melted in a burst of tears. There was but one thought in her mind—Bertram Norwood and his opinion of her.

"Oh, some one must have found it and slipped it in your pocket, thinking it was mine. Never mind, Edna, I would never think you—look it," falteringly.

"Would anybody be likely to mistake my old seal-skin for your brand-new one?" came the sobbing answer: "You haven't helped me any with the suggestion."

"Whether it is ever made clear or not, Edna, I shall not believe anything against you," spoke Carrie, quietly. "You have never liked me very well, but I can prove to you that I am your friend in this unpleasant accident. I will never mention it to a soul—Of course Mr. Norwood and Mr. Bailey will not."

She had taken her purse from Edna's hand, and carelessly opened it as she finished speaking. Innocently she took out—not her money and diamond ring, but what nestled on top of both—one of the strings of white wax beads that did service as pearls in extravagant profusion over Queen Elizabeth's toilet. They shone in her glossy black hair, as prettily as pearls ever shone in all their genuineness, and on her white throat. They were sewed over the front of her robe, and on the points of her lofty ruff.

There was an awkward silence. Edna was

the first to speak, and her voice was suddenly calmed.

"Not one of you will believe me, now, but I knew nothing whatever of all this. I had not missed the beads. Some one has made a sorry blunder or else a willful plot. Will you take me home, Mr. Bailey, or would you like to be excused, under the circumstances?"

"I am at your service," said the mystified Ivanhoe, now at her side.

She read in his face that he believed her a thief. Turning a proud and yet entreating glance upon the tall, handsome man, whose confidence she valued more than all the world beside, she only met the paralyzed stare of one who had been wounded to the heart's core.

"Do you believe it?" she faltered, despairingly.

"I can't, Edna."

"But you feel that you must—is that it?"

With the questioning rebuke that he never forgot, she gathered up her royal train and left the room alone. Bailey followed her, awkwardly, but she waved him back, and he did not have the manhood to insist. Ten minutes after, he encountered Bertram Norwood and Miss Smith, wending their way through the crowded hall.

"Didn't you overtake her?" was Norwood's eager question.

"Yes; but she drove me away."

"Confound you! What if she did? She went alone?"

"I suppose so."

"You are a pretty knight in armor."

Out in the autumn chill of the street, Norwood walked beside Miss Smith for three blocks in utter silence. When she spoke, he started, for he had forgotten that she was there.

"Mr. Norwood, can you walk a little slower? I am a poor traveler when I am dependent on my feet."

"Forgive me; I think I have been half stupefied by what we witnessed. I had all the faith in the world in Miss Hirth. This is not at all in keeping with her character. Do you think there is any possibility of there having been some mistake?"

"Do I think so? Well, hardly. Everything seems against the poor girl. I am more sorry for her than I ever was for anybody. I would rather have lost my purse with a hundred times its value than have had this happen. We will never mention the affair to a soul—I will not even tell my parents. Let us treat her as though nothing had happened. She was, no doubt, sorely tempted, for I verily believe she has no money to pay for the hire of her extravagant costume. You will feel no differently toward her, will you?"

They were under the glare of an electric lamp on a street-corner. The girl's face was lifted to his in eager appeal, but not for Edna Hirth or a negative answer. The young man mistook the expression, as well as the tears in her eyes. He took one of her hands suddenly.

"Miss Carrie, it is very noble of you to plead for her. If I must believe she is not what I thought she was, I can never feel the same toward her; but I do not see how I can force myself to believe it."

He did not speak again until he said "Good-night" at the banker's mansion. She had willingly allowed him to keep her hand in his, saying nothing. He released it as though he had forgotten it was in his possession.

"I am sorry for you," she ventured. "It is hard to see the idols we have set up crumble into common clay."

He did not answer, save with an abstracted repetition of his "Good-night." On his way home he paused at the little gate of a tidy double tenement very much in need of a coat of paint. The light burned in the parlor, and shone out through the two windows across the six feet of front yard to the pavement. He could hear the murmur of voices within, and see exaggerated shadows of the inmates reflected on the lace curtains. The impulse was strong to ring the bell, and place himself in the position of protector and defender of the accused, whether she were guilty or innocent. It was a simple pantomime that arrested his steps and sent him home convinced that Edna Hirth was a thief, and, therefore, unworthy of his adoration. Her familiar shadow, with the fluted ruff of Elizabeth, came between him and the light. Her face was bowed in her hands in a perfect attitude of shame and sorrow. Beside her was uplifted a hand of parental tenderness—her father's hand—and it rested itself on her shoulder until she shook it off and rushed from the room. He saw the light flash for an instant over the hall-transom, then heard the door close with an echoing ring. It seemed like the clanking of the heavy door that must shut her image out of his heart beyond recall. He went home to spend a sleepless night. In the morning he wrote a letter of regret to the lady manager of the Scott booth, and informed her that his cousin would sustain the character of Sir Walter for the remainder of the Carnival, as she would be out of town for a week.

There was mourning in the court of Elizabeth that evening, which was certainly uncomplimentary to Sir Walter's substitute. He was not a *debonnaire* young man; not at all courtly in his bearings, being four feet ten inches in stature, and of one hundred and ninety pounds avoirdupois.

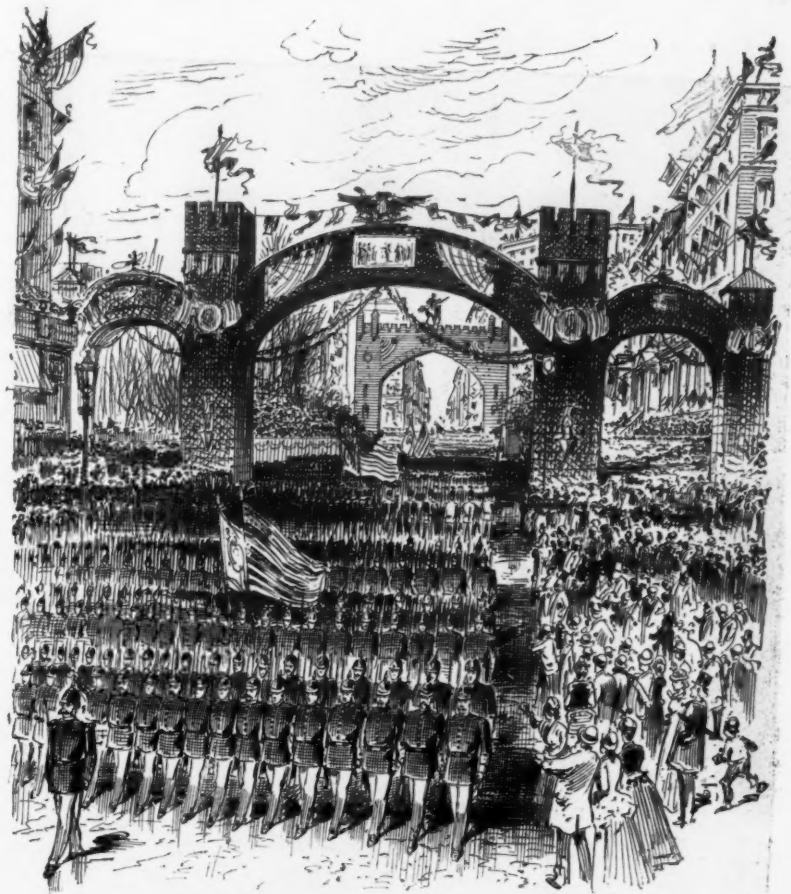
The Queen was the only one who accepted the situation calmly. She was very pale, and there were dark rings under her eyes. When she smiled, the result was a sickly failure, and more than one of her subjects asked her if she were ill.

As for Ivanhoe, he kept close to Rebecca's side, which was perfectly satisfactory to the giggling Jewess, and quite as much so to the proud, changed Queen. He did not doubt, from the change in her manner, that the scene of the night before was an exposure of her dishonesty.

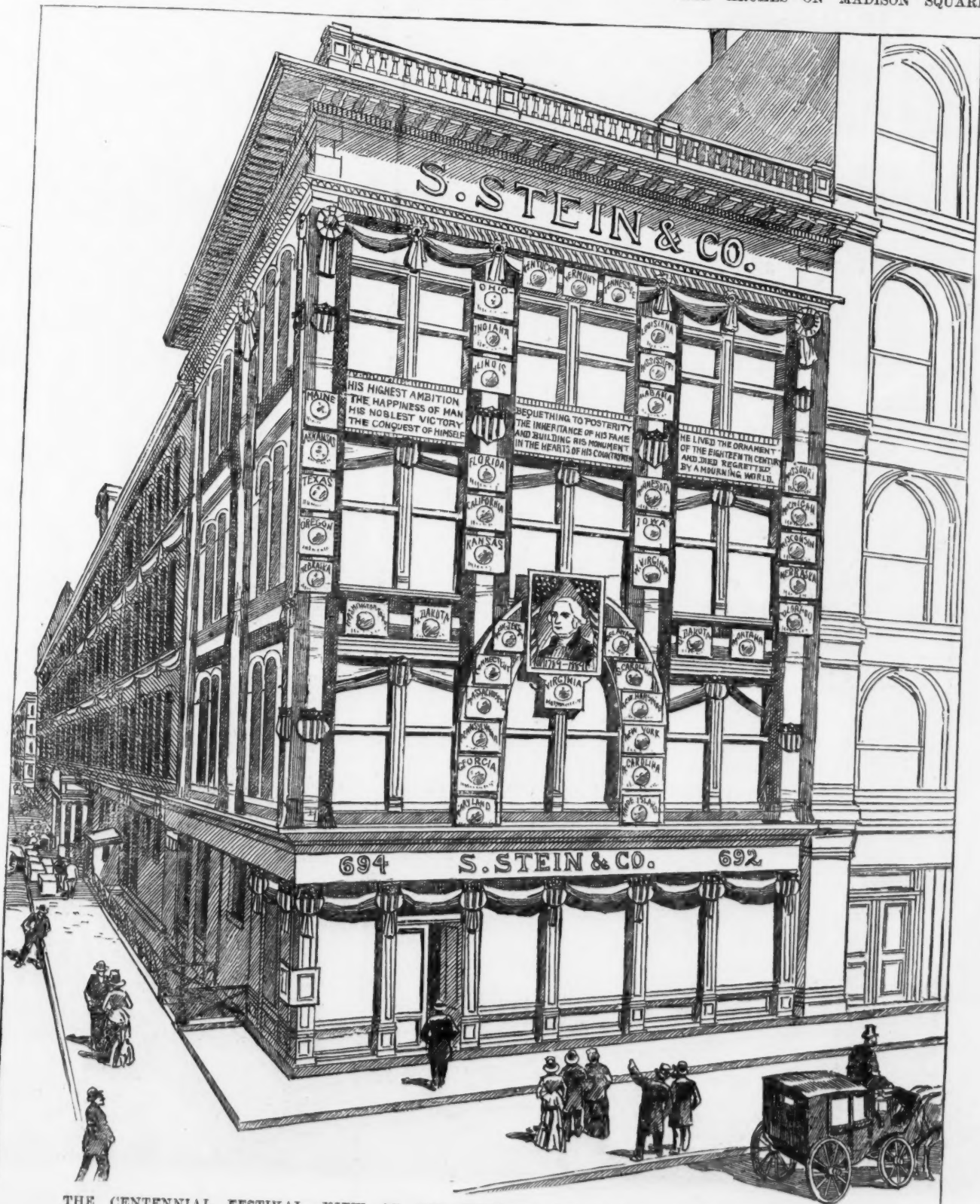
There was only one who held evidence in



THE PROCESSION PASSING UNDER THE GRAND ARCH AT WAVERLEY PLACE.



THE ARCHES ON MADISON SQUARE.



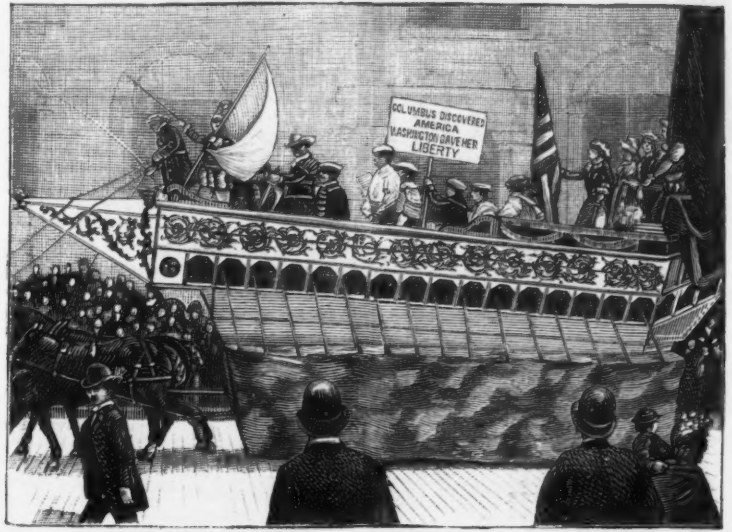
THE CENTENNIAL FESTIVAL—VIEW OF THE BUILDING OF S. STEIN & CO., NOS. 692 AND 694 BROADWAY, SHOWING ITS UNIQUE AND PROFUSE DECORATIONS.



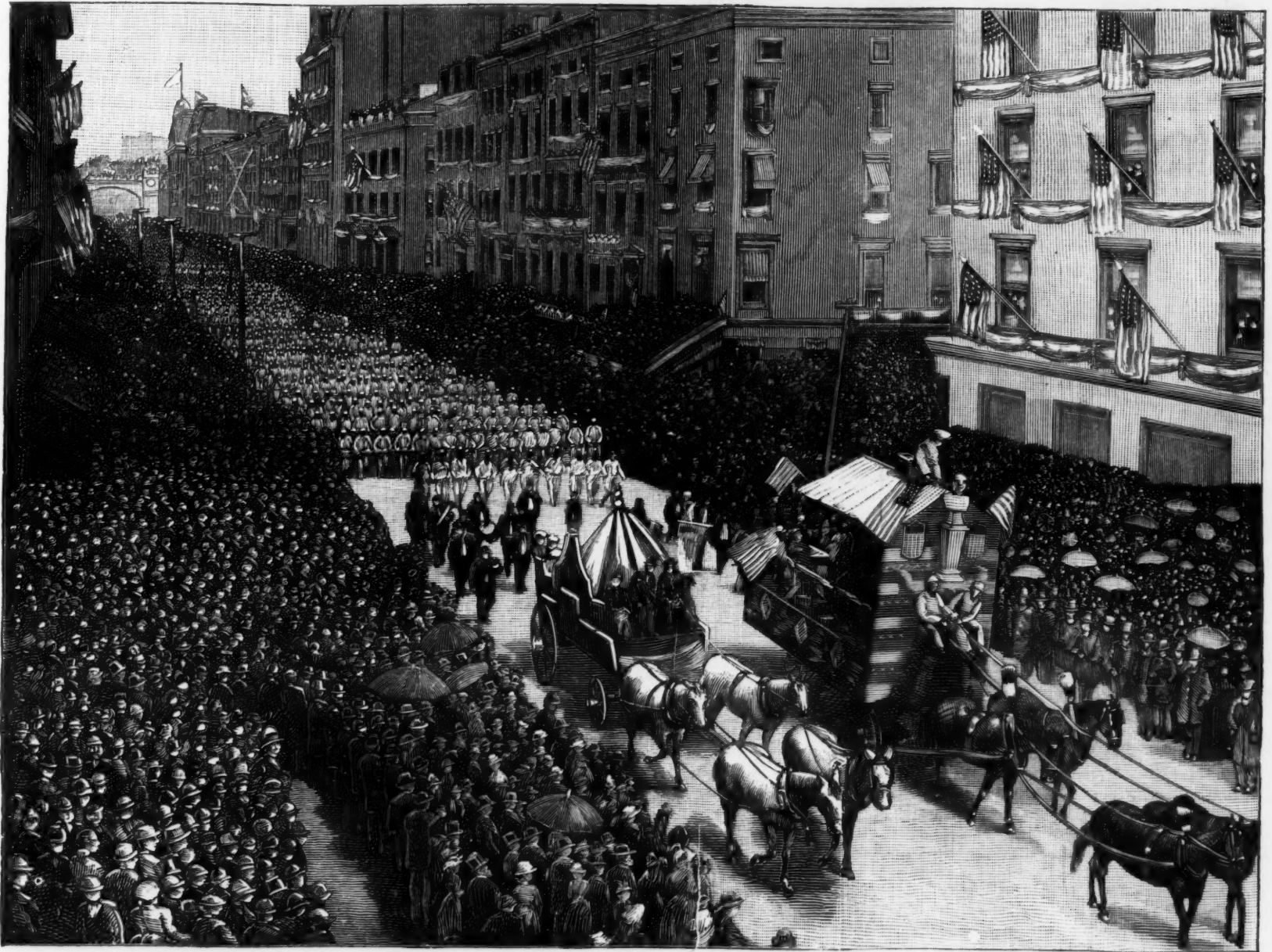
THE GRAND CENTENNIAL BALL AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.—DRAWN BY JOHN DURKIN.—[SEE PAGE 230.]



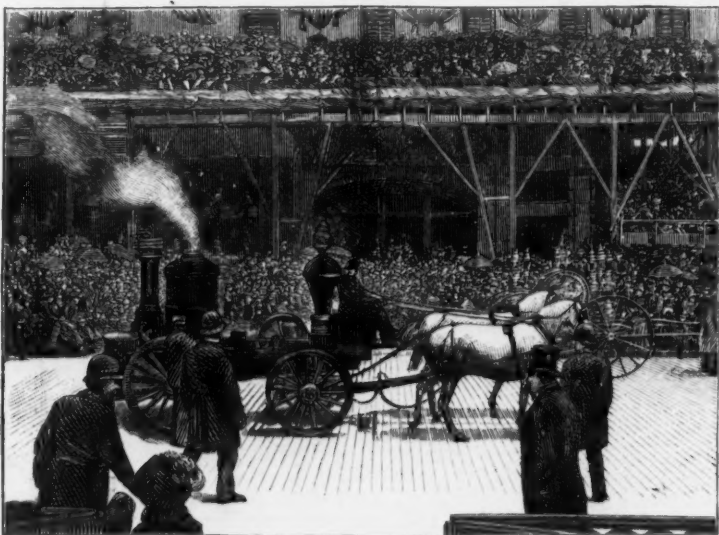
THE GEORGE WASHINGTON COACH.



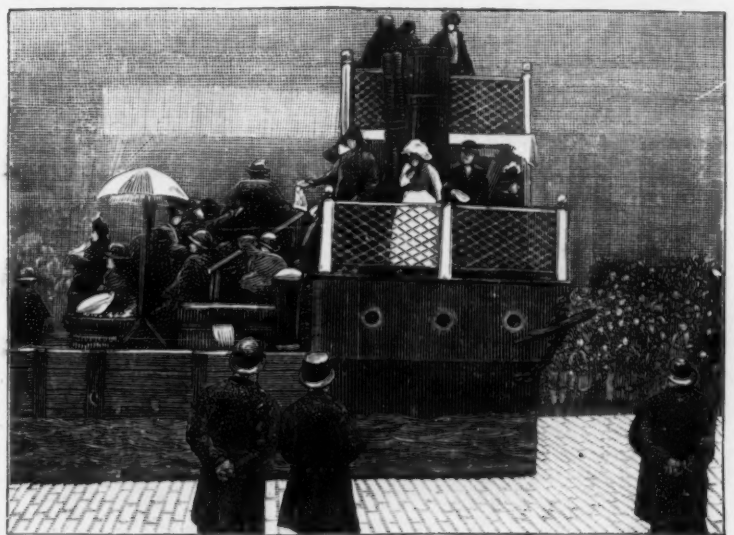
TABLEAU—COLUMBUS DISCOVERING AMERICA.



THE OPERATIVE PLASTERERS' SOCIETY, WITH ITS FLOAT, AS SEEN FROM THE "JUDGE" BUILDING, LOOKING UP FIFTH AVENUE TOWARD TWENTY-THIRD STREET.



SECTION OF THE FIREMEN'S DIVISION.



TABLEAU—EMIGRATION IN THE OLDEN TIME.

GLIMPSES OF THE INDUSTRIAL PARADE.—FROM INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOS BY MISS JOHNSTON AND J. W. BAAB.—[SEE PAGE 230.]

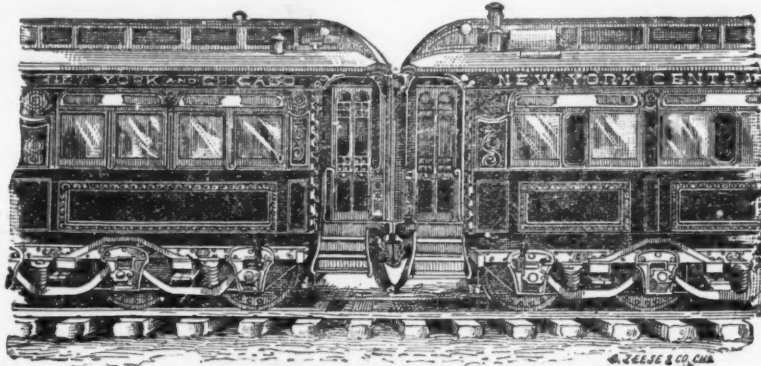
SKETCHES FROM THE FAMOUS

New York & Chicago Limited Express Train

OF

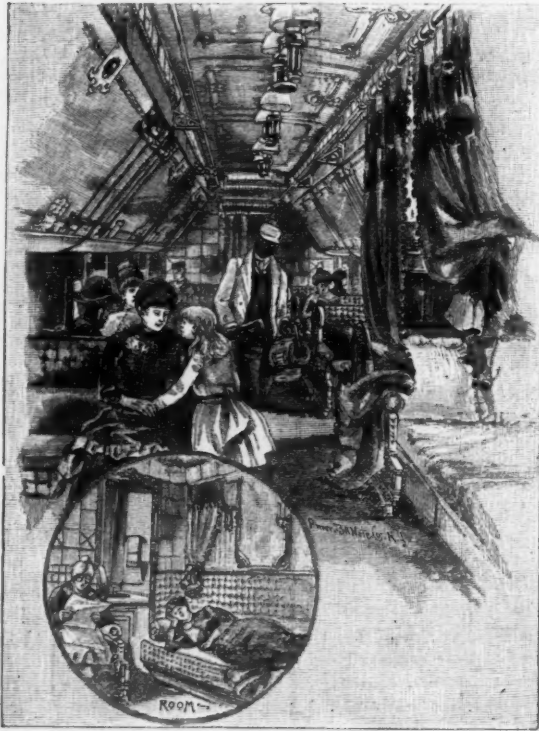
WAGNER VESTIBULE, COMPARTMENT, SLEEPING, DINING, DRAWING-ROOM AND LIBRARY CARS.

OVER THE
New York Central
AND
Hudson River Railroad,



AND THE
Lake Shore
AND
Michigan Southern R'y.

THE VESTIBULE SLEEPING CAR.

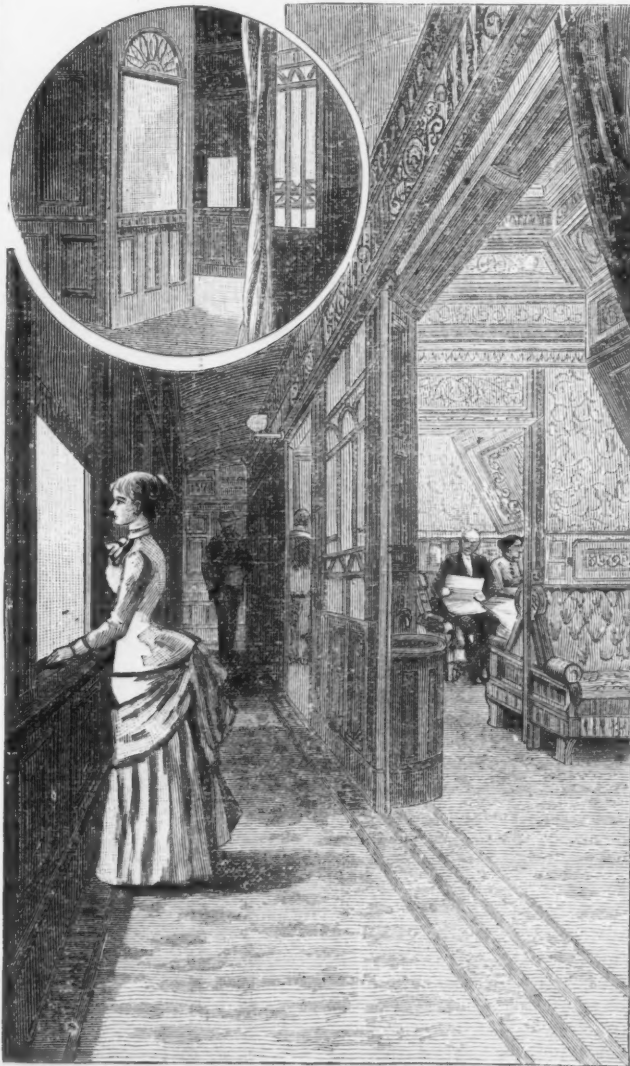


The new Sleeping Cars now in regular service on the Limited and other Fast Express Trains on the New York Central and Lake Shore route were built by the Wagner Palace Car Company, the controlling idea in construction being to secure absolute comfort to the occupants of the cars, and no expense has been spared to attain that end. In elegance of finish and luxurious appointments the new sleeping cars are unsurpassed.

THE VESTIBULE.

One of these unsurpassed trains of Palaces on Wheels leaves Grand Central Station, New York, every day in the year at 9.50 A. M., arriving at Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway Station in Chicago the following morning at 9.50.

Another leaves Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway Station, Chicago, every day in the year at 5.30 P. M., arriving at Grand Central Station, New York, the following day at 7.30 P. M.



Entirely unique and original in design are the New Wagner Compartment or Saloon Sleeping Cars, a comprehensive sectional view of which we present herewith. The interior of the car is divided into ten inclosed compartments, each intended for the accommodation of two persons, affording the utmost privacy and seclusion to occupants, and with the most artistic, costly and elaborate interior furnishings and decorations. Complete toilet accessories; lavatory, hot and cold running water, and closets; also electric call-bells, brass chandeliers arranged for the Pintsch system of gas lighting, and other convenient devices are provided in each compartment. Folding doors between the rooms permit of their being arranged en suite, if desired, for the accommodation of families or large parties. A handsome buffet from which is dispensed light refreshments, and a well-filled bookcase for the free use of passengers, are popular innovations.

A mere printed description must utterly fail in conveying any adequate conception of the beauty, utility and elegance of this famous train, every feature of which is so calculated to appeal to refined and cultivated taste. Personal observation and trial will fully vindicate its proud title of "The Handsomest and Fastest Train in the World."

THE VESTIBULE DINING CAR.



IN THE DINING CAR PASSING THE PALISADES OF THE HUDSON.

SUPERIOR CUISINE. ELEGANT SERVICE.

THE VESTIBULE
BUFFET SMOKING AND LIBRARY CAR.



A select library of choice books, the current newspapers and magazines, for free use of passengers, movable easy-chairs in luxurious upholstery, a secretary supplied with stationery and writing material, a barber-shop and bath-room, combine to relieve the tedium of a long journey over the New York Central and the Lake Shore—two roads that have no rival for easy riding, excellent service, or charming scenery.



"HIGHLANDS OF HUDSON RIVER" AS VIEWED FROM CAR-WINDOW OF THE "NEW YORK AND CHICAGO LIMITED EXPRESS" OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL.

Edna Hirth's favor stored away in her forgetful yellow head, and that was Amy Robsart, better known as May Redding, a sixteen-year-old flirt, with the truthfulness of a baby in her great blue eyes. She had gone home early the previous evening—as soon as the tableaux were over, and before the invasion of Helen of Troy into the sixteenth century. In truth, Helen had satisfied herself that the obedient Countess of Leicester had gone away with her papa and mamma, before she instituted the search in Kenilworth Castle. Otherwise, simple little Amy would have said: "Oh, I saw you put your purse in your cloak-pocket in the cloak-room; don't you remember? You were there when I went in?"

After all, Helen was not quite satisfied that she had won the prize. She looked eagerly for the week of absence to end, and regarded the Carnival as a decided bore. She noted the change in the hitherto brilliant Queen, and had the satisfaction of winning a few of the laurels that had been given so lavishly to her rival. But Bertram Norwood merely lifted his hat to her and smiled in an absent fashion, the first time she met him after his return.

Gradually, as the winter wore on, he began to answer her expectations, and pay her something more than indifferent attentions. They never referred to Edna Hirth; but one evening, while passing an hour or two in the Smith parlor, he came across her picture in an album of class photographs. His face changed, as though he saw the picture of one dead.

"Where is she?" he asked, his fingers trembling visibly. "I have not seen her since—"

"She is at home part of the time—Sundays only. She is instructing three or four chil-

hasn't any friends in Wilmington, when I never knew her to have an enemy, unless it was Carrie Smith, who was always jealous of her. It is funny, Mr. Norwood, how you can fancy that girl. You used to be entirely devoted to Edna, up to the middle of the Carnival. Did anything happen, then, to give her the impression that she has no friends? She almost told me so once, but checked herself, and asked if I had ever known her to do a dishonest thing in her life. It seems so strange."

"You never knew her to do such a thing, of course," Norwood answered. "I hope you reassured her on behalf of her friends."

"Indeed I did. Dishonest! The idea! A year or two ago she bought a dress-pattern at papa's store, and the clerk made a mistake and gave her back twice the change he ought to have given. She did not find it out until she got home, and she never took off hat or cloak until she had walked back, in the rain, too, and returned the change. Papa commended her to me as a model of honesty. He said she almost resented his commendation, when he told her what a rare characteristic she exhibited. Now, Carrie Smith, with all her money, will play a sharp game on a shopkeeper every chance she can get. She treated me to candy once, and after we left the confectioner's, chuckled because she had passed off a counterfeit half-dollar upon the green clerk. That is the difference between the two girls. Why"—and the childish blue eyes looked suddenly into the face of the tall young man beside her—"has anybody accused Edna of a dishonest act?"

Norwood's face was flushed with eager interest. In a few words he told of the Carnival incident.

when I entered it that night, fumbling in the seal-skin coat-pocket. I remember she acted queer, and said something about getting her handkerchief, but I saw the gold clasp of her purse as she dropped it in. And, of course it was not her cloak. She no doubt bought a string of white wax beads for ten cents, that one might readily believe had broken off from Edna's necklace, under the circumstances. It was quite a clever plot, I must say. I have never thought of the incident since. You must feel flattered to be the object of so daring a manoeuvre."

"I feel humiliated and unworthy of any forgiveness from the Queen. I have been a fool." He rose and left the parlor-car for the smoker, though he did not smoke.

On Saturday night he was at the Grand Central Depot, half an hour before train time, restlessly pacing the platform. It was after four o'clock, and a strong wind was blowing cold rain and hail into the faces of those who dared look ahead to the north. In the crowd he saw no familiar face or figure. His train filled with passengers, and as it pulled out he swung himself to the steps, and still searched in the crowd for the one face he had seen in his dreams continually for three nights.

He was on the last car, and as the train plunged on, with increasing speed, he went slowly through the aisles of two palace-sleepers, and on into the parlor-car, scanning the faces of all the lady passengers, his heart sinking within him. She was not in the parlor-car—she could not afford the luxury of a velvet chair, and he knew it, hurrying by the indolent, richly clad ladies, some of whom, the younger ones, saw something quite worth their while to be-

Only the Sunday before he had seen it in church. The few times he had seen Edna Hirth, that winter, she had worn the becoming new hat. Something in the sight of the familiar, shabby seal-skin cloak sent a pang of bitter self-condemnation to his heart and a moisture to his eyes. He walked past her to the front end of the car, and stood for a few moments looking out at the swaying car ahead. Then he turned and went back, looking straight into the beautiful face, that flamed with color as he was recognized.

She sat in the end of the seat, with a fussy little old woman beside her next the window. It was a poor place for meeting the woman he loved and had wronged. He could only be commonplace in a place so common. He lifted his hat, then halted at her side and offered his hand. When she extended her own, a little haughtily, he kept it firmly in his and bent over her.

"I have been looking for you," he said. "For me? That is strange. If I could, I would offer you a part of my seat."

"Will you come with me into the parlor-car? There is room in there."

"My ticket is not first-class."

"Never mind. Please do me the favor—I have something to say to you. Come."

He still held her hand, painfully tight. Under his commanding yet pleading eyes she felt bound to comply. But she was haughtily reserved. She looked about her at the elegant passengers, who eyed her and her escort with curious interest. There were no Wilmington people there that she knew. Norwood did not seem to care for any of them. With his chair revolved toward her, he leaned his face on his hand and



THE CENTENNIAL TEA-PARTY AT THE HOTEL BRUNSWICK.—DRAWN BY MATT MORGAN.—[SEE PAGE 230.]

dren of a wealthy man in Chicago in music, French and German, coming home Saturday night and going back Monday morning. I seldom see her. When I do, she is ice itself."

He shut the book suddenly, and changed the subject. All that winter it was not reverted to again.

In the spring, while the snow was yet unmelted and there was only the name to distinguish the season, Norwood had occasion to go to Chicago. He went on Wednesday, proposing to come back on Saturday, for a reason that he did not undertake to define, but which was instinctive rather than premeditated. Try as he had, all winter long, he had never met Edna Hirth face to face, though he had seen her in church and made several unsuccessful attempts to catch her eye.

On the way to Chicago he shared his seat with May Redding, who was going to her weekly music-lesson of a Prairie Metropolis master—"a pupil of Liszt's." They talked of Wilmington society events, and finally got as far back in its annals as the Authors' Carnival.

"Wasn't it lovely? I never enjoyed anything so much in my life, though papa and mamma were awfully afraid I would be out after ten o'clock. Oh! do you know what ails Queen Elizabeth? She hasn't seemed like the same girl since then. I seldom see her, but when I do she looks positively wretched. I think she works too hard. There must be family troubles of some sort. I know they have a hard enough time to get along, and she is bearing the most of the burden. It's too bad. She seems to have an idea, too, that she

"And you believed her guilty? Well, it was strong evidence, but I shall not believe it. Oh, Mr. Norwood!" and a plump little hand came savagely to clutch his coat-sleeve.

"Well?"

"Carrie Smith was in the cloak-room alone

stow a glance of interest upon in his handsome, eager face.

Half way up the next car, which was filled with passengers, he stopped suddenly. He knew the dove-colored felt hat, with its scarlet wing and knots of gray ribbon tipped with red,

looked at her with the old adoration in his eyes, as he pulled his mustache in confusion.

"Edna."

She did not answer, save a look of wonder.

"You ought not to forgive me, but I hope you will, in time, for I love you, and have loved you through all this wicked misunderstanding. My want of perfect faith in you was a cruel sin on my part, but not a proof that you were not the dearest one in all the world to me. I shall not blame you if you do not forgive me. You might have cared for me once, but I have no hope that you do now. I want you to know that I have suffered as well as you."

She was silent for several moments, her face downcast. Then she looked up into the eyes that saw no one else but her.

"What evidence has disproved my guilt to you?"

"I will tell you presently. My deepest sorrow is that I should need any evidence to prove your innocence. I have this much in my favor: I followed you home that night, and was on the point of entering the gate when, through the window, I saw you stand in an attitude of shame, as though you had made a confession, your father's hand resting kindly on your shoulder. You shook it off and fled from the room, and I heard the door close after you. It seemed to me you plead guilty in that shadow-picture."

A deep, burning blush suffused her face, and she bent her head. After a little she said, not looking up:

"I did plead guilty—of—"

He waited, wholly unprepared for the sequel
(Continued on page 250.)



CENTENNIAL DECORATIONS.—THE ESTABLISHMENT OF C. H. TENNEY & CO., 610 TO 614 BROADWAY.—[SEE PAGE 230.]

OKLAHOMA'S TOWN-BUILDERS.

WHEN the future citizens of Oklahoma shall celebrate their centennial, in 1889, landmarks dating from the present epoch of settlement will be exceedingly scarce. Whole cities of five, ten, and fifteen thousand population are housed in canvas walls, while hundreds of townships, "sections," and lots are inclosed in

gard for alignment or anything else, and no effort has been made to improve them. The city now extends fully five miles back into the Territory, where eager lot-seekers ran in search of claims when they found the choice locations taken up.

The towns around Guthrie proper are called East, West, and South Guthrie. East Guthrie has a plot of its own, conflicting with the others

same time to promote the common glory of the United States. Then may we hear the harmonious invocations from forty-two hearts, ascending to our fathers' God, sweeping into the heavens and rising above the stars, that State shall not lift up its sword against State, neither shall they know war any more, and that the reign of peace, union, and fraternity shall be as lasting as the home of the stars—as eternal as

American home.—President Harrison at the Banquet.

To elevate the morals of our people; to hold up the law as that sacred thing which, like the ark of God of old, may not be touched by irreverent hands; to frown upon every attempt to dethrone its supremacy; to unite our people in all that makes the home pure and honorable, as well as to give our energies in the direction of material



THE OCCUPATION OF OKLAHOMA.—THE RAILWAY STATION AT GUTHRIE.—FROM A PHOTO BY C. E. DE GROFF.

mythical boundaries, invisible except to the eye of the real-estate map-maker. Guthrie's new mayor, Colonel Dyer, who was elected in the open air during a cyclone, occupies, in company with the city fathers, a circus-tent called the City Hall. The latest views forwarded by our correspondent in Guthrie, and reproduced on this page, convey a lively idea of the aspect of things in and about that infant giant of a municipality. Confusion, disappointment, hardship, and a certain amount of lawlessness, were of course to be expected; but there are brighter and more picturesque sides to the situation, which the average sensational reports ignore. Apparently the railway-stations, land-offices, and post-offices are the busy centres of the fledgling towns. The railway-station of the Santa Fé branch, at Guthrie, which is the business centre of the whole territory, presents a wonderfully

and Guthrie proper. West Guthrie, also called Noble, after the Secretary of the Interior, has already provided for a municipal government of its own and has elected a mayor. In all the settlements, however, the Kansas State law and the Wichita town ordinances are to govern, for the present at least.

FINE CENTENNIAL THOUGHTS.

IT is through the schools and colleges and national literature that the heroes of any people win lasting renown and it is through these same agencies that a nation is molded into the likeness of its heroes.—President Eliot's (Harvard) Response.

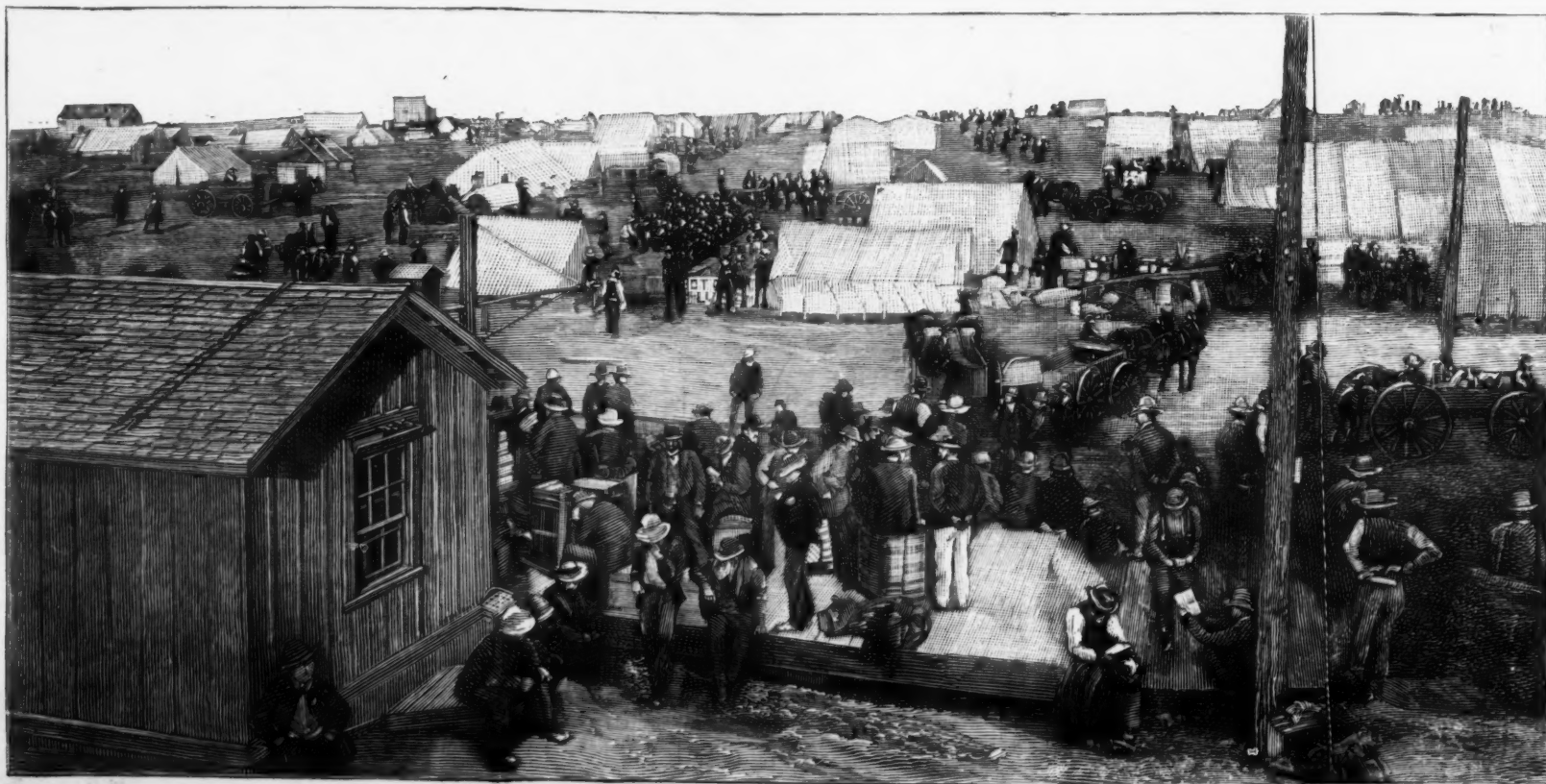
As the special distinction of man is speech, it should seem that there can be no higher achievement of civilized men, no proof more conclusive

the foundation of the everlasting hills—and in your harbor here may "Liberty Enlightening the World" join the swelling anthem and proclaim to her subjects everywhere that the problem of free, popular, and constitutional government has been solved upon the American continent.—Governor Fitz-Hugh Lee of Virginia.

I have great pleasure in believing that love of country has been intensified in many hearts here, not only of you who might be called, and some of whom have been called, to give the witness of your love of the flag upon battle-fields both of sea and land. But of these homes, and among these fair women who look down upon us to-night, and in the hearts of those little children who mingled their piping cries with the hoarser acclaims of men as they moved along your streets to-day, and I believe that patriotism has been blown into a higher and holier flame in many hearts. These

advancement—this service we may render, and out of this great demonstration do we not all feel like reconsecrating ourselves to the love and to the service of our country?—President Harrison at the Banquet.

Have you not learned that, not stocks or bonds, or stately houses, or lands, or products of mill, or field, is our country? It is a spiritual thought that is in our minds. It is the flag and what it stands for; it is its glorious history; it is the fire-side and the home; it is the high thoughts that are in the heart, born of the inspiration which comes of the story of the fathers, the martyrs to liberty—it is the graveyard into which our grateful country has gathered the unconscious dust of those who died. Here in these things is that thing we love and call our country—rather than anything that can be touched or handled.—President Harrison at the Banquet.



THE OCCUPATION OF OKLAHOMA.—LAYING OUT A TOWN-SITE NEAR GUTHRIE.—FROM A PHOTO BY C. E. DE GROFF.

animated scene. Cars and warehouses are filled to overflowing, and neither freight nor passenger trains can be run on schedule time, on account of the crush. The land-office of course is overcrowded; but thus far there have been few serious disputes over claims to settle. The regular survey of the town-site, however, will probably interfere with many people who have staked their claims in the most irregular fashion. Tents were thrown up hap-hazard, without re-

that they are civilized men, than the power of molding words into such fair and noble forms as shall people the human mind forever with images that refine, console, and inspire.—James Russell Lowell's Response.

May the contest hereafter between the States be for the promotion of commerce and civilization, the progress of agricultural and manufacturing wealth, and the development of the arts and sciences, while each State is laboring at the

banners with which you have covered your walls, these patriotic inscriptions, must come down, and the ways of commerce and of trade be resumed again here; but may I not ask you to carry these banners that now hang on the walls into your homes, into the public schools of your city, and into all your great institutions where children are gathered, and to drape them there, that the eyes of the young and of the old may look upon that flag as one of the familiar adornments of every

SECRETARY TRACY has informed Admiral Kimberly, commanding the United States naval forces at Samoa, that he does not consider a court of inquiry necessary in the matter of the recent disaster at Apia. "The Department," he says, "is satisfied that the officers in command of the ships at Apia did their duty with courage, fidelity, and sound judgment, and that they were zealously and loyally seconded by their subordinates."



TEXAS.—HON. EDWIN H. TERRELL, U. S. MINISTER TO BELGIUM.—PHOTO BY BARR.

HON. EDWIN H. TERRELL,
UNITED STATES MINISTER TO BELGIUM.

THE appointment of Edwin H. Terrell, of San Antonio, Texas, as Minister to Belgium is an exceptionally good one. He is in the prime of life, and is qualified by education, travel, and legal training to capably discharge the duties of the place. He is a man of high character, a sterling Republican, who is respected as such by his Southern fellow-citizens in Texas, and his appointment, as one of the younger men in the party in the South, will be well received. Mr. Edwin H. Terrell comes from an old Virginia family, and was born at Brookville, Ind., on November 21st, 1848. At an early day a portion of the family moved to Kentucky, where the grandfather of Mr. Terrell, Captain John Terrell, was prominently identified with the wars on the Indiana border, being at Harmar's defeat and at Wayne's victory over the Miamis at the battle of the Maumee Rapids. In the latter engagement he was chief of scouts, and this brought him into intimate relations with General William Henry Harrison, then adjutant on Wayne's staff. President Harrison afterward, when Governor of Indiana Territory, appointed John Terrell, on the anniversary of the battle, captain in the First Regiment of Indiana troops. His father, Rev. Williamson Terrell, a Methodist preacher, was well known all over the State. His mother died when he was but a few months old, and Judge George Holland, then a practicing lawyer at Brookville, took the boy into his household and brought him up to manhood. His early years were spent at Brookville, but about 1861 Judge Holland removed to Richmond, Ind., and there young Terrell prepared himself for college. He was educated at Indiana Asbury (De Pauw) University, graduating in 1871. He received his legal training at Harvard University, graduating from the law school of that institution in 1873. After some six months spent in study in Europe, Mr. Terrell located in Indianapolis, where he practiced law for some years, being a member of the firm of Jacobs & Terrell. He removed to San Antonio in 1877, where he entered into partnership with A. W. Houston. Important business interests, after a year or so, compelled Mr. Terrell to abandon the active work of the profession, and he has since been largely identified with the real-estate and business development of the city. Since his removal to Texas, Mr. Terrell has taken an active part in the conferences of the Republican party in that State. He was a delegate to the National Convention in 1880, and supported General Garfield in that body, and he was also a delegate to the National Convention last June, in which he seconded the nomination and enthusiastically supported the candidacy of General Harrison.

Mr. Terrell was the candidate for Mayor of San Antonio in 1887, nominated by a committee of 120, representing all parties,

NEW YORK.—HON. THOMAS C. PLATT.—PHOTO BY SARONY.
[SEE ARTICLE, PAGE 222.]

and was only defeated by 200 by the present incumbent. During the recent campaign he was actively employed in furthering the interests of the Republican party in Indiana.

Speaking unreservedly of Mr. Terrell's appointment, the San Antonio *Express* (Dem.) says: "In appointing Mr. Terrell to the Belgium ministry, President Harrison secured the services of a gentleman, and a sober, reliable, competent, pains-taking business man—one who has been a Northerner, and was never a carpet-bagger; who has been a Republican, and was never a 'radical'; who has lived in the South, and was never spit upon because of his nativity; who has exercised his political rights, and was never bulldozed or shotgunned who is able to give a good account of himself and the people among whom he has resided. His selection reflects credit upon him, and upon the Administration which knew enough to choose him." To this Minister Terrell has only to add, "Praise from Sir Rupert is praise indeed."

HON. RICHARD CROKER.

RICHARD CROKER, recently appointed City Chamberlain by Mayor Grant, was born in Ireland, and came to this country when a boy only two years of age. Identifying himself with the Democratic party, he was elected Alderman in 1869, 1870, and 1871, and in 1873 was appointed Marshal for the collection of personal taxes. He resigned this position, and was elected Coroner for three terms. He was appointed by Mayor Edson a Fire Commissioner on November 16th, 1883, for the unexpired term of Commissioner Gorman, who was appointed a Police Justice. He was reappointed by Mayor Hewitt for the full term of six years, from which office he resigned to take the present position of City Chamberlain. He is a married man of very domestic habits, having a very interesting family. He is by profession a mechanical and civil engineer.

A TYPICAL BOOMER.

AN Oklahoma correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, writing of the peculiarities of the *genus* boomer, gives the story of one of them as told by himself: "I am a native of Herkimer County, N. Y., but I was raised in Ohio. When a young man I married a woman from near Columbus. She ran away and left me with two children. With the children I drifted into Pennsylvania and located near Titusville. I struck oil, and within

NEW YORK CITY.—RICHARD CROKER, CITY CHAMBERLAIN.
PHOTO BY EDSELL.

a single year made \$50,000. Then I married for the second time. My wife had been a school-teacher. But didn't she make the money fly, though! Inside of two years it was all gone. Then she died, leaving a third child on my hands. I kept moving from place to place, all the time in search of a home. Going along a road in Indiana, one day, I saw what seemed to me to be a mighty likely woman. I asked her if she would have me. She said 'Yes.' We were married there and then. A baby was born within a year. In another year we were on the way to Texas through Missouri in search of a home. On the road the baby died. We carried the little body about with us for a whole day before we could find a suitable spot in which to bury it, and a minister to say a few simple words above the little grave. I forgot to inquire the name of the place, and five years afterward, when I came through Missouri again, I tried to find the grave, and couldn't do it.

"To cut a long story short, my third wife died and I married a fourth in Texas, still being without a home. She beat the children, and finally ran away, like the first one. I wanted to try it a fifth time, but I was afraid it would be bigamy. Still, I did not give up the idea of securing a home. Three months ago I sold all I had, bought a wagon, a horse, and a mule; the dog yonder I picked up on the way here. I was near Eureka Springs on the border-line at noon of Monday last. When Captain Hays gave the signal for the start I was off at once. I kept well in front for over an hour. I had a piece of land in mind which I had seen when on my way to Texas, and would you believe it, though I knew there was no one ahead of me, when I struck the spot at last there sat a man on a saddled cow, with a Winchester in his lap, smoking a pipe.

"I want to stake this land," says I.
"He never said a word, but only raised his rifle, and I cleared out. That home, too, was gone. Here I am now as far as ever from getting a home in my old days. I am sixty-five years old, have had four wives, have traveled all over this country, and have located in Indiana, Pennsylvania, Missouri, and Texas. All that is left of me is a horse, a wagon, a mule, three children, and a dog. Say, stranger, don't you think they'll soon open the Cherokee Outlet?"

The man was a typical boomer and an honest one at that, but like all honest boomers he "got left" in Oklahoma. Still he doesn't despair, and the next year will find the old man, no doubt, with a fifth wife, perhaps, "booming" the Cherokee Outlet.

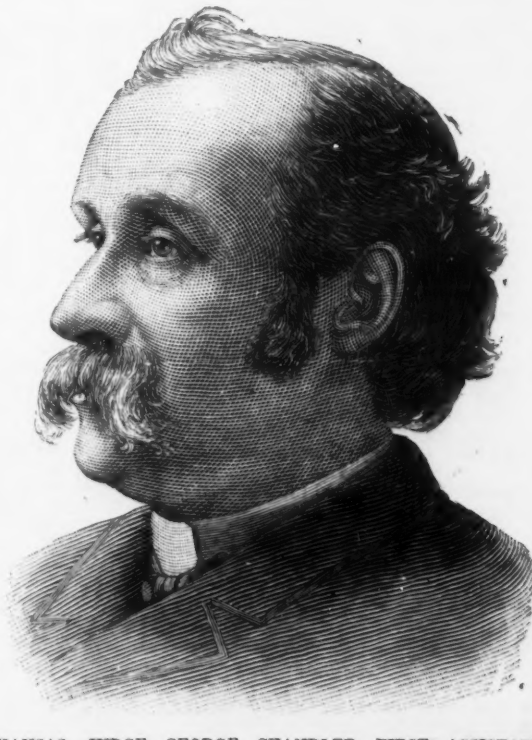


WISCONSIN.—JULIUS GOLDSCHMIDT, U. S. CONSUL-GENERAL TO AUSTRO-HUNGARY.—PHOTO BY STEIN.—[SEE PAGE 227.]

VICTIMIZING AMERICAN CARPET-BUYERS.

A CONSTANTINOPLE correspondent of the New York *Tribune* tells how American carpet-buyers are victimized by the wily Turk. He says: "The other day I chanced to meet a merchant who deals in rugs and carpets, and mentioned to him that I was in want of a certain kind of carpet, and had the intention of calling at his warehouse to find it. 'No, said he, 'don't come just now. The American merchants are buying their stocks now, and prices are up out of sight. Come around in a month or so, and we can suit you at the usual rates.' The remark was suggestive, and a little inquiry elicited some 'points' that may be of interest to American dealers. It seems that the coming of an American buyer is scented afar off by the carpet-brokers here. How they receive the intelligence does not appear. But from the day that the representative of one of the large American houses is announced as in the field ordinary trade in choice carpets ceases, and all dealers prepare for the American trade. The attitude of mind of the native toward the American is one of feverish expectancy, and includes a mild hostility. The American, who must be rich, and certainly is a stranger, is a sort of Philistine in the eyes of these sons of the East; hence the opportunity to despoil him must not be lost.

"No syndicate is formed, but all the effects of the syndicate are felt, since ordinary competition ceases. He has to deal with a corner in carpets. Let him apply to whom he will, the quotation of prices is uniformly from twenty-five to fifty per cent. above those ruling before his arrival and after his departure. He knows none of the languages of the country, and so, while apparently buying at what may be called first hand, he is in reality buying of his interpreter, who is the most rapacious of middle-men in all probability. He is a man of taste, and he insists on having only certain patterns or lines of style. He can have them, but he must suffer the penalty in paying roundly for stripping the cream from the market. He is a man of business, and may not linger at his work more than a few days or weeks. The price of speed is high in the East. He learns, perhaps, that the native merchants have the habit of buying caravan loads of carpets, 'sight unseen,' and make a good thing of it. So he buys on invoice a lot of bales that are to be sent after him when they arrive from the interior. But when he comes to open his goods he finds, with some first-class articles, a lot of ragged rubbish that no man in America will look at more than once; and he has to saddle the loss on the available part of his purchase. In whatever way the American buyer approaches the subject he finds it a thorny one, and the result is that he is undersold every time in New York or Boston by the agents of the Turkish carpet houses, who are enterprising enough to send their goods

KANSAS.—JUDGE GEORGE CHANDLER, FIRST ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR DEPARTMENT.
PHOTO BY BELL.—[SEE PAGE 230.]

to the head-quarters of the best-paying carpet market in the world.

"The American carpet house which will adopt a new method of laying in its stock will declare rich dividends. The method is simply that of keeping a man on the ground, to learn the languages of the country and hob-nob with the ukempt Persians who bring down the riches of the Far East to the sea-shore, and to buy when the market suits, instead of coming in as an interloper to force the market. The result of such a policy would be to place the American buyer in the 'corner,' instead of being outside it."

(Continued from page 247.)

"QUEEN ELIZABETH."

of her assertion. She looked up with a smile wet with tears, and quickly looked down again.

"But—not of that," she began, in confusion. "I ought not to tell you. You had robbed me of something, and I found out my loss that night for the first time. I have tried since to force back, by will-power, pride, or whatever it is, the valuable article you stole, but— Oh! can't you guess? I believed you hated me—and I—"

He covered her hand with his own. "Oh, Edna! you plead guilty, that night, of loving me? Then you will not send me away unforgiven?"

"I am afraid I cannot. What about the evidence?"

Three months later, the blue-eyed Countess of Leicester was bridesmaid at Queen Elizabeth's wedding, and Helen of Troy married a Chicago pork merchant in August, a sadder and wiser woman.

NEW YORK IN GALA DRESS.

DECORATIONS OF SOME OF THE PROMINENT BUSINESS HOUSES DURING THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

IT is the unanimous testimony of old New Yorkers, as well as of the hundreds of thousands of visitors who have crowded within her hospitable gates during the past fortnight for the Washington Centennial *fêtes*, that the decorations so lavishly flung out by the patriotic citizens and great business establishments of the metropolis have far surpassed anything of the kind previously seen here or elsewhere. Every street has bourgeoned out into a magnificent mass of color. No dwelling, even in the remotest side street, so humble that it has not displayed its flag, while along the great avenues and business arteries of the city unbroken lines of gorgeous bunting extending for miles and miles, have formed a spectacle well worthy to go on permanent record, both pictorial and literary. To this end, some of the leading and representative business establishments, which form landmarks on the main thoroughfares, have been selected for illustration in this number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER as they appeared in their gala dress.

JAMES MCCREERY & CO.

On Broadway, the famous and extensive retail establishment of James McCreery & Co., at the corner of Eleventh Street, made a display worthy alike of its history and its prominence. Founded about fifty years ago, in Canal Street, by Messrs. Ussell & Pearson, this store has been for nearly a generation, in its present location, under the personal management of Mr. James McCreery. Throughout its history, by means of able representatives in European markets, and by enterprising management in this country, the house has maintained a pre-eminence which has hardly been disputed, even in these modern days of keenest competition.

The special aim, in this establishment, has always been to procure for its customers the choicest fabrics, rarest in quality and in design, particularly novelties that cannot be found elsewhere. Its patrons feel certain of obtaining not only what is fashionable, but what is in the best fashion. This does not mean, however, that staple goods or plain fabrics are in anywise neglected. What is true of silks is equally true of woolen dress-goods, of white goods, laces, and trimmings. What might be called the novelty spirit is characteristic of the management of the house. When a lady wishes to purchase a complete *trousseau* or a simple home dress; an outfit in housekeeping linens or merely an odd lunch set; an expensive seal garment that will last for years, or only a plain jacket for a short spring season—in any case, she may go to McCreery's, confident of finding what is suitable, what is durable, what is unique.

S. STEIN & CO.

The attractive building occupied by the mammoth clothing establishment of S. Stein & Co., 692 and 694 Broadway (the illustration of which appears on page 243), presented a very fine appearance, and was one of the features of the splendid show on Broadway. The building was profusely decorated with red, white, and blue bunting, appropriately draped. The design was unique and well fitted to the occasion. A prominent picture of George Washington was placed in the centre; clustered around this were the coats-of-arms of the original thirteen States, that of Virginia being placed under the picture of Washington, with the inscription, the "Mother of Presidents." Above this, and on the various columns of the building, were placed the coats-of-arms of every State of the Union, with the name of the State and the date of its admission, including the late Territories, on whose shields was inscribed "Our New Sisters." Across the building was this original and excellent inscription:

His highest ambition the happiness of mankind, His noblest victory the conquest of himself. Bequeathing to posterity the inheritance of his fame, And building his monument in the hearts of his countrymen.

He lived, the ornament of the eighteenth century; And died, regretted by a mourning world.

C. H. TENNY & CO.

Another noticeable building in this vicinity was that of C. H. Tenny & Co., Nos. 610 to 618 Broadway. The national colors, massively draped story by story, were relieved at intervals by the arms of the thirteen original States emblazoned on shields, each in the centre of a trophy of banners. The building is occupied by one of New York's largest commission firms—in fact, the house of C. H. Tenny & Co. leads in the line of wool, furs, and straw hats, being in that branch the first and heaviest concern on our continent. Upward of forty manufacturing firms, scattered throughout the States of New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and New Jersey, directly and indirectly supporting over 20,000 individuals, find an outlet for their products by consigning to this firm, thus supplying head-coverings for about one-third of the male population of the United States, not counting what are distributed by it to the Mexican, West Indian, and Sandwich Islands trade. Mr. Charles A. Tenny, the head of the firm, is one of our merchant princes who, still in the early prime of life, remains the active controller of the great enterprise that he has created. Besides guiding his business interests, and being a director in various financial institutions, he finds time to attend to all his duties as a citizen. He has a large and generous public spirit, especially marked by his gift within the past year to his native town of Methuen, Mass., of a magnificent monument in bronze and granite to the memory of the soldiers and sailors from that place who fought in the war for the Union.

THE TRAVELERS' EXCHANGE AND PUBLISHING COMPANY.

A little further up-town, admiring eyes were turned to the handsome display on the walls of the Travelers' Exchange and Publishing Company's building, No. 30 Union Square, within which is located one of the most notable of New York business enterprises observed within late years. The Travelers' Exchange and Publishing Company is doing so much for the public and for the hotels, is so ably officered and so well supplied with funds, that we risk nothing in saying that it is not only one of the largest, but also one of the most solid undertakings of the period. Mr. J. H. Breslin, who, we need not say, is a capitalist and an able administrator, is president of the institution. At No. 30 Union Square are now concentrated every possible convenience for the use of the traveling public. The traveler finds there the means of reaching any point in the United States, in a way most advantageous to himself. A bureau of information dispenses all things necessary to be known about the hotels of the United States, plan, rates, etc., and secures rooms for intending guests. The Mackay-Bennett Cable Co. has an office in the Exchange, relating it to the whole civilized world. Long-distance telephones annihilate the distance from New York to Boston, Philadelphia, and other cities. By means of the Cheque Bank, the traveler is provided with ready money wherever he may find himself within reach of a bank, in any part of the world.

SIMPSON, CRAWFORD & SIMPSON, SIXTH AVENUE, NINETEENTH AND TWENTIETH STREETS.

Probably the most beautiful and conspicuous decorations on Sixth Avenue were those displayed by this firm.

The growth of this house since its establishment in 1879 has been even in advance of the phenomenal growth of the city and its increase in population since the period named. The only reasons that can be given for this wonderful success are, liberal dealings, commanding stocks, and exceptionally low prices, together with the certainty on the part of the public that everything in staple and fancy dry-goods of foreign and domestic manufacture can at all times be found here. Importing direct, Messrs. Simpson, Crawford & Simpson do a large jobbing business in addition to their vast retail trade.

DE GRAAF & TAYLOR.

A little to the west of Fifth Avenue, on the busiest block of that mighty cross-town artery, Fourteenth Street, Nos. 47 and 49, and extending through to 48 West Fifteenth Street, are established Messrs. De Graaf & Taylor, of the De Graaf & Taylor Co., established in 1850, at Chatham and Pearl Streets, and now the oldest reliable furniture house in the city. They carry the largest stock of parlor and library furniture of their own upholstering of any house in the United States, all fully guaranteed. Also a very extensive assortment, some 5,000 suits of chamber and dining-room furniture. They fully understand their business, and do not allow themselves to be undersold by any responsible house in the trade.

BLOOMINGDALE BROTHERS.

Crossing to the eastern side of the town, we naturally turn first to the mighty bazar of Bloomingdale Brothers, the famous importers, manufacturers, jobbers, and retailers, on Third Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street. The building is six stories high, and although not near the route of the procession, it was decorated with as much care as if the marching troops were to pass before the great masses of tastefully draped bunting. The columns were covered with bunting and studded with forty-two large stars, each bearing the name of a State. The huge two-story iron arches presented a front of "solid patriotism" in the shape of broad bands of red, white, and blue brought to a large half-circle in the centre, where handsome paintings of Washington and Harrison stood out in bold relief. Underneath the portraits, and extending clear across the great arch, were thirteen stars, representing the thirteen original States, each bearing on its centre a letter which, put together, spelled out the word "Bloomingdale." In every sense of the word, Bloomingdale Brothers are representative merchants, whose emi-

nence in business has been attained by day-to-day honesty and excellence, and the patriotic good taste of the elaborate decorations with which the house commemorated New York's great Centennial is simply in line with that public-spirited energy which has been the key-note in a remarkable history of business success. By means of a handsomely illustrated Fashion Catalogue, which is mailed free to any address, their custom has been extended to all parts of the United States, the Canadas, and Mexico.

THE LONDON TOILET BAZAR.

At No. 41 Union Square, appropriately fronted the celebration with an unusually beautiful and blooming complexion. Although the buildings on Union Square presented an exceptionally fine appearance, yet those of the London Toilet Bazar surpassed them all in their originality. Not only the exterior was decorated, but the interior also, and it really presented the appearance of a Moorish castle. The whole decorations were in keeping with the acknowledged position of this company. It is the only establishment in the world that embraces all departments of ladies' toilet. It is the representative in America of the celebrated London Toilet Bazar Company, and the sole manufacturer of the reliable "Planta Beatrice," a perfect Turkish bath for the face, neck, arms, and hands. By the use of Planta Beatrice the skin acquires color, freshness, firmness, and elasticity; it removes the muddy and faded hue of ill-health, and the parched dryness and wrinkled aspect of infirmity and age. It will improve the complexion more than all the cosmetics in the world. Its action is not like a cosmetic, producing merely a temporary artificial beautifying effect, but its beneficial effects are at once apparent, requiring but fifteen minutes from the time Planta Beatrice is applied to see the happy result. Letters from America's leading chemists guarantee the harmless nature of this preparation.

WECHSLER & ABRAHAM, BROOKLYN.

Brooklyn cannot be entirely ignored in our review of notable decorated business houses; and it is eminently fitting to choose for our illustration Messrs. Wechsler & Abraham's, the leading dry-goods house of Brooklyn and the largest in the State of New York. The various floors cover more than 200,000 square feet. Their decorations during the Centennial surpassed anything in Brooklyn, and no better was seen in New York. The Fulton Street exterior was tastefully draped with more than 2,800 yards of bunting. Washington in bronze, on a granite pedestal, in all twenty-four feet in height, stood in the centre of the wide vestibule. At night the building was illuminated with sixty arc electric lights, 200 candle-power each. A concentration of so many electric lights in illuminating one building was never known before.

A STORY OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

BERLIN letter says: "Stories of the German Emperor are always abundant, often uncomplimentary, and not infrequently apocryphal. Here is one which seems to have rather better credentials than usual. One day, it runs, he invited a young lieutenant, who is an excellent zither-player, to dinner. The imperial family dined at two o'clock, and after dinner the officer gave a little concert on the zither to their majesties. Toward four o'clock he asked permission to retire. 'Why so soon?' graciously asked the Emperor. 'Sir,' replied the lieutenant, 'I return to my garrison to-morrow, and I have promised my sister to come and say good-by this afternoon at her *pensionnat*.' 'You are a good brother, but before you go you must take coffee with us.' Twenty minutes later the lieutenant went with his sovereign into the drawing-room, when, whom should he see but his sister sitting next to the Empress, and surrounded by three or four little princes. Like a good German housewife, the Empress herself poured out the coffee for her visitors. The conversation, varied by music, was prolonged till the evening, when the Emperor said to the two young people that he would like to keep them to supper; offering his arm to the girl, the Emperor led the way into the dining-room, while the Empress followed with the brother. It was a very simple meal which was placed before them, consisting of a dish of vegetables and a piece of roast meat. But it appeared that it was rather more elaborate than usual, for the amiable Empress said, laughingly: 'You must not think that we have always such luxurious suppers. It is only when we have visitors that we are so grand.'"

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

APRIL 27TH.—In St. Louis, Logan W. Revirs, a well-known author, aged 58 years; at Clarendon, Vt., W. H. B. Spofford, the historian. APRIL 28TH.—At Waterbury, Conn., T. Willard Perkins, known as the "Pennsylvania giant"; at Meriden, Conn., W. S. Dunn, a member of the dry-goods firm of H. B. Claflin & Co., of New York, aged 45 years; in New York City, Fred. A. P. Barnard, for many years President of Columbia College, aged 80 years; in New York, Squire Pierce Dewey, one of the founders of the Union League Club, aged 74 years. APRIL 30TH.—In New Haven, Conn., Wm. H. Barnum, a former United States Senator and Chairman of the National Democratic Committee, aged 71 years; in Paris, France, Carl Rosa, the well-known musical director, aged 46 years. MAY 1ST.—In New York City, Robert W. Weir, the well-known painter and professor of drawing, aged 86 years. MAY 3d.—In Kiel, Herr Meyer, the largest ivory importer in the world, aged 66 years. Dispatches from South Africa announce the death there, from fever, of Lord Walter Campbell, third son of the Duke of Argyll, and brother of the Marquis of Lorne. He was 41 years old.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

EMPEROR WILLIAM has declined to accept the resignation of Dr. Stoecker, the court chaplain.

THERE are five banks and six newspapers in operation in the new town of Guthrie, Oklahoma.

SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE, the new British Minister, presented his credentials to the President on the 3d inst.

"LA FRANCE" says that the Government intends to postpone the general elections for members of the Chamber of Deputies until the spring of 1890.

THE Signal-office has commenced the publication of long-time weather forecasts. The predictions will designate the condition of the weather two or three days in advance.

OWING to the improvement in the health of the King of Holland, the Dutch Parliament has by a unanimous vote restored his authority, and the Duke of Nassau quits the regency of Luxembourg.

BARON ERLANGER, the Parisian financier, has just completed a trip over the Southern railroads of this country, in the interest of a syndicate which expects to make large investments throughout the South.

LI HUNG CHANG, the Viceroy of China, is dangerously ill. The Emperor has inquired daily about his health, and has written an autograph letter expressing the hope of his Minister's speedy recovery.

THE sentence of the court-martial in the case of Major Lydecker, who was tried on charges arising out of the Washington Aqueduct tunnel frauds, is that he shall forfeit \$100 per month of his pay for nine months and be reprimanded in orders.

MR. T. W. WALLER, the retiring American Consul-General at London, was last week presented with a gold-mounted cane and a gold-mounted umbrella by the consular body in London. Subsequently he was banqueted at the Hotel Metropole and presented with a silver loving-cup.

A TERRIBLE accident occurred on the Grand Trunk Railway near Hamilton, Ontario, on the 28th inst. In crossing a switch an express passenger train left the track; several of the cars were piled together and took fire, twenty persons losing their lives and many others being seriously injured.

MR. DAVID G. CROLY, the well-known journalist of New York, who died last week, was buried at Lakewood, N. J. In accordance with his instructions, pine-needles were laid in the bottom of the grave and the coffin-lid was removed and the body covered with pine-boughs to the depth of several inches.

THE French actor Damala, best known as the husband of Sarah Bernhardt, is dying. He is said to be suffering from a malady caused by a complication of morphine and brandy. His health has failed of late with peculiar rapidity, considering his unusually fine physique and apparently vigorous constitution.

MAYOR GRANT of New York has made the following nominations: For Commissioner of Public Works, Thomas F. Gilroy; City Chamberlain, Richard Croker; Fire Commissioners—Henry D. Purroy, S. Howland Robbins, and Anthony Eickhoff; Commissioner of Taxes and Assessments, Thomas L. Feitner; Excise Commissioners—Edward T. Fitzpatrick, Joseph Koch, and Alexander Menkin; President of Board of Health, Charles C. Wilson.

MR. STODDARD, the popular lecturer, has since 1879 traveled in this country, every season, from 15,000 to 20,000 miles, and frequently during the summer in Europe nearly as many more. Yet in all these years of exposure Mr. Stoddard has never met with any serious accident, and has never failed to meet his audience at the appointed time and place, save on one occasion during last year's blizzard, when the train was unable to reach Philadelphia. But this, of course, was not his fault.

THE Samoan Conference opened last week, with mutual expressions of good will from all the delegates. Count Herbert Bismarck disavowed, on behalf of Germany, any idea of aggrandizement inconsistent with existing treaties, and both himself and Sir Edward Malet, the British Ambassador, denied that a secret treaty exists between England and Germany to partition between them the Tonga and Samoa Islands. Germany has ordered the liberation of Malietoa, the deposed Samoan king.

THE French Government has appointed an International Congress on the subject of Mines and Metallurgy, to be held in Paris on the 2d of September in this year, in connection with the Exposition which is to take place there during the summer. The Congress has for its object to make known and discuss the most recent inventions and improvements in mining and metallurgy, and will have brought before it a considerable number of memoirs which have been prepared by engineers specially detailed for the purpose.

PROF. WM. R. THOMPSON, M. D., of the University of the City of New York, says that more adults are carried off in this country by chronic kidney disease than by any other one malady except consumption, and yet many people look upon a slight kidney difficulty as of little consequence. Others take Warner's Safe Cure and remove any possible danger. When kidney disease becomes chronic, or Bright's disease, it becomes a very serious matter.

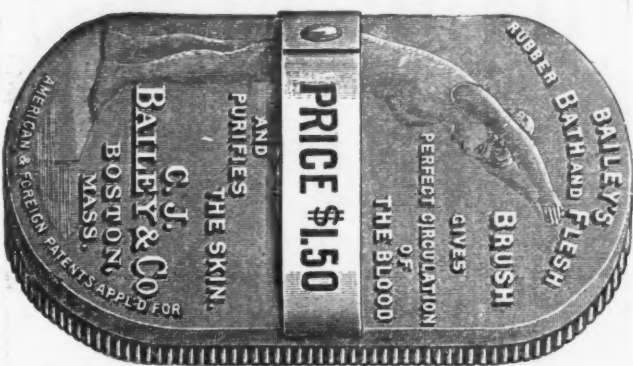
MILLIONS

at present who are using "BAILEY'S RUBBER BRUSHES" say they are the best thing for the purpose ever invented.

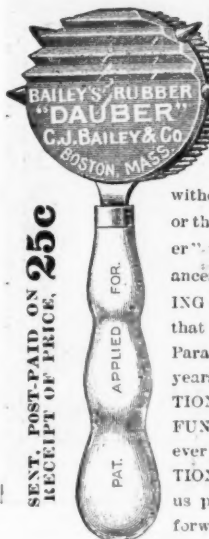
SIZE, 3x5 IN.

Dear Sirs: I cannot refrain from expressing my entire satisfaction with the use of your "Rubber Bath Brush." I have used it for several weeks and find it to be the best thing I have ever used. I do not hesitate to recommend it to all as a real luxury and promoter of good health. Yours truly, A. W. CUMMINGS, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Massena, Bailey & Co.: The Tooth Brushes to hand. Enclosed find cash for eight more. I think you have hit upon the exact thing to protect the gums. I shall recommend them to all. WYTHEVILLE, VA. WALTER STEVENS, D.D.S.



"SHINE, SIR?"



SENT, POST-PAID ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 25c

Then buy a "DAUBER" that will not SPREAD or spatter blacking all over you, one that you can black a low Shoe or a Gaiter Boot without blacking your HOSE or the CLOTH TOP; a "Dauber" that is made with appliances for thoroughly CLEANING the FOOT; a "Dauber" that is made entirely of pure Para rubber, that will last for years and give SATISFACTION, OR MONEY REFUNDED. The ONLY one ever made that is PERFECT. Price, 25 cents. Send us postal note, and we will forward by return mail

C. J. BAILEY & Co., Manufacturers,
132 Pearl St., - Boston, Mass.

HAVE YOU TEETH

THEN PRESERVE THEM BY USING,



Cleans the teeth perfectly and polishes the enamel without injury. Never irritates the gums. Can be used with hot or cold water and with any tooth wash or powder. Both brush and handle are imperishable.

PRICE LIST.

Bailey's Rubber Bath and Flesh Brush	\$1.50
Bailey's Toilet Brush	.25
Bailey's Hand Brush (size 3x1 1/4 in.)	.50
Bailey's Blacking Dauber	.25
Bailey's Ink and Pencil Eraser	.25
Bailey's Tooth Brush, No. 1	.40
Bailey's Tooth Brush, No. 2	.50

Send us postal note and we will forward any of the above prepaid upon receipt of price. For sale by all dealers in Toilet Goods.

C. J. BAILEY & CO.,
132 Pearl Street, - Boston, Mass.

Solid Silver Forks and Spoons



withfully executed. "List F." giving illustrations, weights, prices, etc., will be sent on application.

of the five regular sizes—Tea-spoons, Dessert-spoons, Table-spoons, Dessert forks and Table forks—are sold at fixed prices per ounce for any quantity from a single half-dozen to full outfit chests. Plain and ornamented patterns cost the same to make, and are sold at the same prices.

The best manufacturers make far heavier weights than formerly. The quality of silver used is also finer, the present standard being Sterling, which is 925 parts pure silver to 75 parts alloy, or 25 parts to the thousand finer than our American coinage.

A true economy in buying leads to the selection of good weights. It is, indeed, better not to buy solid silver at all than to buy that which is too light to possess the strength needed to insure long service.

Weights, to the dozen pieces, are as follows:

	Light Weights.	Medium Weights.	Heavy Weights.
Tea-spoons	10 ozs.	12 ozs.	15 ozs.
Dessert-spoons and Forks	15 "	17 "	20 "
Table-spoons and Forks	23 "	26 "	30 "

These are sold at \$1.60 per ounce, for any number of pieces from one half dozen upwards, a dozen tea spoons, for example, weighing 10 ounces, costing \$16, or a half-dozen, \$8. One, two, or three initials, or a cipher composed of two or three initials, will be engraved without charge.

The lighter weights are heavy as compared with silver of a generation ago and have all the strength needed for actual use.

We recommend the medium weights, however, as being still stronger and more lasting. The heavy weights have more silver in them than utility really requires, but are preferred by many purchasers.

Choice is offered of a number of attractive patterns—some perfectly plain, some ornamented—of which two are represented herewith, the "Rococo" on the left, and the "Louis XIV" on the right. Both unite beauty of design and finish with great practical fitness for use.

Orders from correspondents for any number or combination of pieces, with or without chests or cases, will be promptly and

Theodore B. Starr,

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, SILVERWARE, ETC.,

206 FIFTH AVENUE, MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK.

WEST SHORE RAILROAD.

N. Y. C. & H. R. R. Co., Lessee.

The Picturesque Route for Business and Pleasure Travel.

"SUMMER EXCURSIONS," a handsomely illustrated book, giving description of the Hudson River, Catskill Mountains, Saratoga and other New York State resorts. Will be mailed on receipt of five cents in postage-stamps.

"SUBURBAN HOMES ON THE WEST SHORE," a very handsome little book, giving description of the suburban towns on the West Shore Railroad, and valuable information for those seeking homes. Copy will be mailed upon receipt of three cents in postage-stamps.

For Tourist Books, Time tables and information regarding West Shore Railroad, call on or address

H. R. JAGOE, Gen'l Eastern Pass. Agt., 263 Broadway, New York, or C. E. LAMBERT, Gen'l Pass. Agt., 5 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

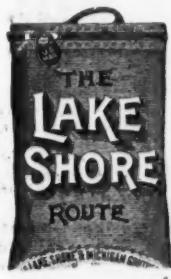
ABSOLUTELY PURE

Light Sweet Wholesome Bread

Delicious Pastry

THE

Luxurious * Accommodations * Afforded



By the new private Compartment Cars now in regular service on the Chicago and New York Limited, via the Lake Shore and New York Central Route, are available by no other line. In the construction of these cars an entirely new design has been evolved, which cannot fail to be appreciated by travelers. The interior of the car is divided into ten inclosed compartments, each containing two berths, lavatory, hot and cold running water. These compartments extend nearly the width of the car and have a door opening into an aisle running along one side to the middle, where it crosses over to the opposite side, thus placing half of them on each side of the car.

Folding doors between the apartments admit of their being arranged en suite, if desired, for the accommodation of families or large parties. Elaborate chandeliers of Persian brass are placed in each compartment and passage-way, reflecting a soft though brilliant light through the opalescent globes, gas being used as an illuminant. The interior decorations of the cars are rich and artistic, a variety of the rarest and most expensive woods being employed. The upholstery is of the choicest and latest design, every feature of the cars being calculated to appeal to refined and artistic taste.

For full information regarding the train service via this route, apply to

A. J. SMITH, G. P. & T. A., Cleveland, Ohio; or C. K. WILBER, W. P. A., Chicago.



A MEASURE OF SAFETY.

MR. SOLUS—Hi, yo! Mistah Brichley; we doan' need no libe-stock 'bout dis yer club!

MR. BRICHLEY (who never played but once before)—I don't, don't I? yo' brack pirut; p'raps yo' fink I don't. D' larst time I wuz heah you coons charged me a dollah en a half fer a kitty—da's whad yo' said; en dis time I done fetch m' own. Yo' heah me a-squealin'!

Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla!

The Best-Largest Bottle

PLEURISY CURED.

E. E. Dudley, Kingston, Ontario, says:

"Six years ago I caught a severe cold standing in an ice-house with my coat off. I felt myself getting chilly and went to the house, where I shook for half an hour and then had high fever and terrible pain in my side and through my lungs. I put an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER on my back and one on the front of my chest, and in a short time the pain decreased and I fell asleep, and did not wake until the next morning, when I was again quite as well as ever. In telling my doctor about it, he said I had been attacked with pleurisy and, possibly, pneumonia."

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrow-root or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

DEAFNESS and Noises in HEAD

Entirely Cured by Peck's Pat. Improved Tubular Ear Cushions. Whispers heard distinctly. Unseen, comfortable, self-adjusting. Successful when all remedies fail. Sold only by F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, cor. 14th St., N. Y. Write or call for illustrated book of proofs FREE.

BARBOUR'S



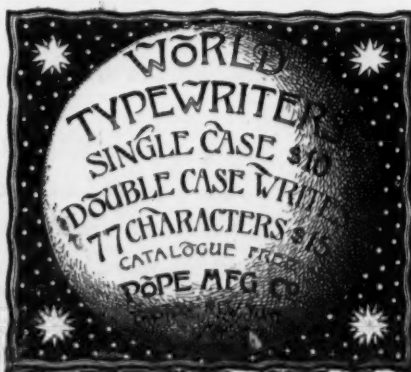
IRISH FLAX THREADS

In Every Variety.

LADIES, Use the Best!

WHETHER FOR Button-sewing, Lace-making, Embroidery, OR OTHER FANCY WORK.

Sold by all Respectable Dealers throughout the Country.



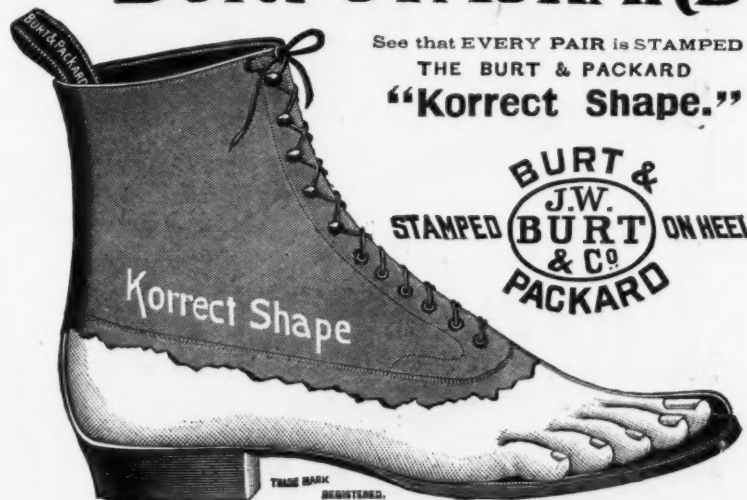
LIEBIG COMPANY'S Extract of Meat IS THE BEST.

It has a delicious flavor and dissolves clearly. Indispensable in good cooking, and invaluable as a healthful and refreshing beverage.

Get the Genuine, with Justus von Liebig's signature printed in blue on label, as shown on the picture above.

Don't spoil your feet with CHEAP SHOES!

WEAR THE BURT & PACKARD



See that EVERY PAIR is STAMPED THE BURT & PACKARD "Korrek Shape."



IT CONFORMS TO SHAPE OF THE FOOT.

If you want perfection in fit, with freedom from corns and all discomfort, you will always wear the Burt & Packard Shoe. It is acknowledged as the most comfortable, the best wearing, and the most stylish gentlemen's shoe made in the world.

The Burt & Packard Shoe costs no more than any other fine shoe, though none approach it in value.

All styles in Hand-made, Hand-welt and Burtwelt; also Boys' and YOUTHS'.

If not sold by your dealer, send his name and your address to

Packard & Field, SUCCESSORS TO BURT & PACKARD, Brockton, Mass.

Wear the Burt & Packard "Korrek Shape."



BROWN'S FRENCH DRESSING

FOR LADIES' & CHILDREN'S BOOTS AND SHOES.

Awarded highest honors at Philadelphia, 1876; Melbourne, 1880; Berlin, 1877; Frankfurt, 1881; Paris, 1878; Amsterdam, 1883; New Orleans, 1884-85. Paris Medal on every bottle. Beware of Imitations.

RAPID

AGENTS WANTED.

DUPLICATING AND COPYING MACHINE is BEST for making duplicate copies of MSS. or typewriting on ANY paper, or for copying letters. 141 Broadway, New York.

The most delicate, delightful, and refined method of Fresh

perfumery

permanent. All fashionable odors. Sample of Violette, Heliotrope, or Ylang Ylang on receipt of 25c.

Powders

T. METCALF & CO. 39 Tremont St., Boston. E. FOUGERA & CO., New York. Sold by all Druggists.



SHOPPING IN SEDAN CHAIRS IN THE LAST CENTURY.

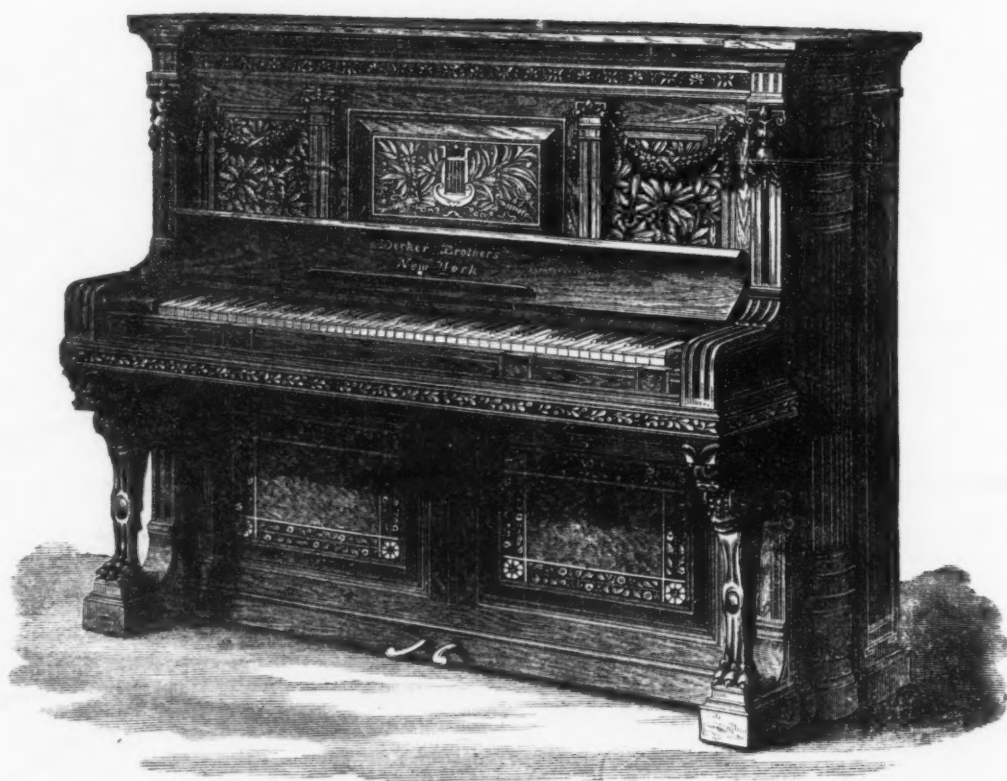
Queen Charlotte's Visit to Pears', for Soap for her Complexion, a Hundred Years Ago.

Pears' Soap

has been established in London **100 YEARS** both as a COMPLEXION and as a SHAVING SOAP, has obtained **Fifteen International Awards**, and is now sold in every city in the world. It is the *pures, cleanest, finest*, most economical, and therefore the **BEST** of all soaps for **GENERAL TOILET PURPOSES**; and for use in the **NURSERY** it is recommended by thousands of intelligent *mothers* throughout the civilized world, because while serving as a cleanser and detergent, its emollient properties prevent the chafing and discomforts to which *infants* are so liable. **PEARS' SOAP** can now be had of nearly all Druggists in the United States, *but be sure that you get the genuine, as there are worthless imitations.*

DECKER BROTHERS'

MATCHLESS



PIANOS,

33 UNION SQUARE, N. Y.